

NATIONAL

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#2



FEBRUARY
No. 64

COMICS

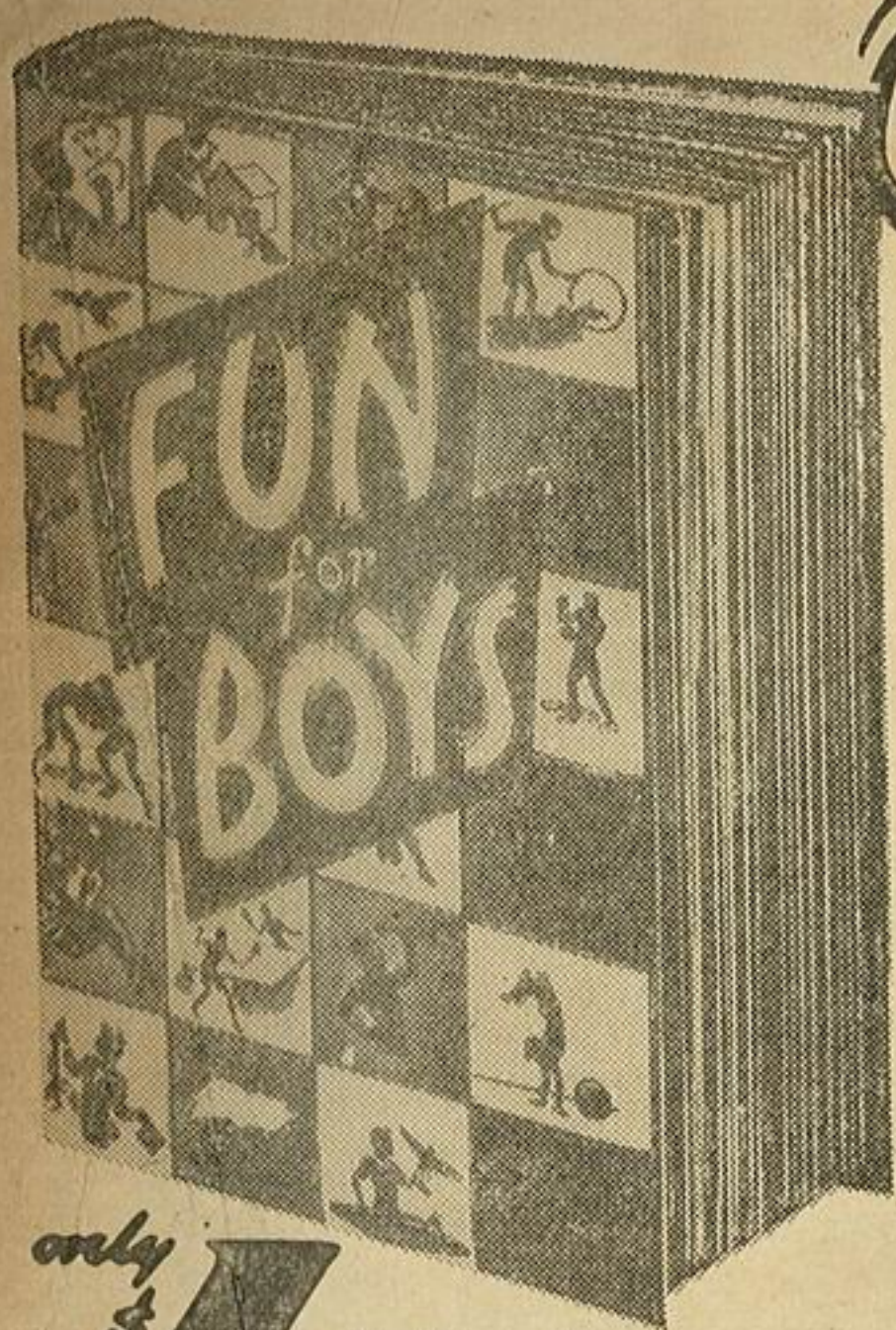
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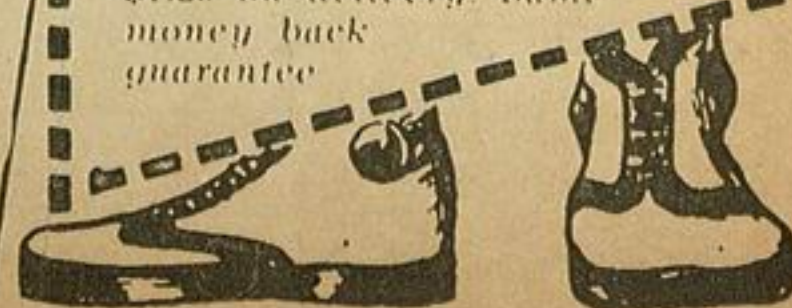
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The BARKER

NOW I ASK YOU,
FOLKS.... IS HE
TERRIFIC OR IS
HE **TERRIFIC**?

**1000
LBS**

HE IS
TERRIFIC!

By
Klaus
Nordling

He could have been the best act in Colonel Lane's Mammoth Circus... he was **THE HUMAN FLY!** But what Carnie Calahan, **THE BARKER**, hoped would happen to him shouldn't happen to a dog!



OH-H! I'M DRAGGED OUT! WHAT A LIFE ... STAYING UP ALL NIGHT SO WE CAN DO ONE SHOW IN JUXVILLE TOMORROW!

CHEER UP, SUNSHINE! FROM JUXVILLE WE HAVE ONLY TWENTY MILES TO GO TO THE BIG TOWN, AND WE STAY THERE A WEEK!

SO I'LL TRY TO KEEP MY MIND ON THAT! BUT I STILL DON'T SEE WHY I I GOTTA SUFFER TO KEEP A FEW THOUSAND JUXVILLE YUKS HAPPY!

YOUR SUFFERING'S ALMOST OVER! WE'RE IN JUXVILLE!

LOUIE LEARY! ARE YOU FOLLOWING ME AROUND THE COUNTRY AGAIN?

NOT FOLLOWING! ANTICIPATING, COLONEL!

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME! I'M NOT SELLING THE CIRCUS, AND IF I WERE, YOU COULDN'T GET UP ALL THE DOUGH I'D WANT FOR IT! NOW, SCRAM! WE HAVE TO PUT UP OUR TENTS!

WHO SAID I WANT TO BUY YOUR CIRCUS? DID I SAY THAT?

NOT EXACTLY, BUT YOU'VE SAID IT OFTEN ENOUGH BEFORE!

A GUY CAN CHANGE, CAN'T HE? HE CAN WANT SOMETHING ELSE!

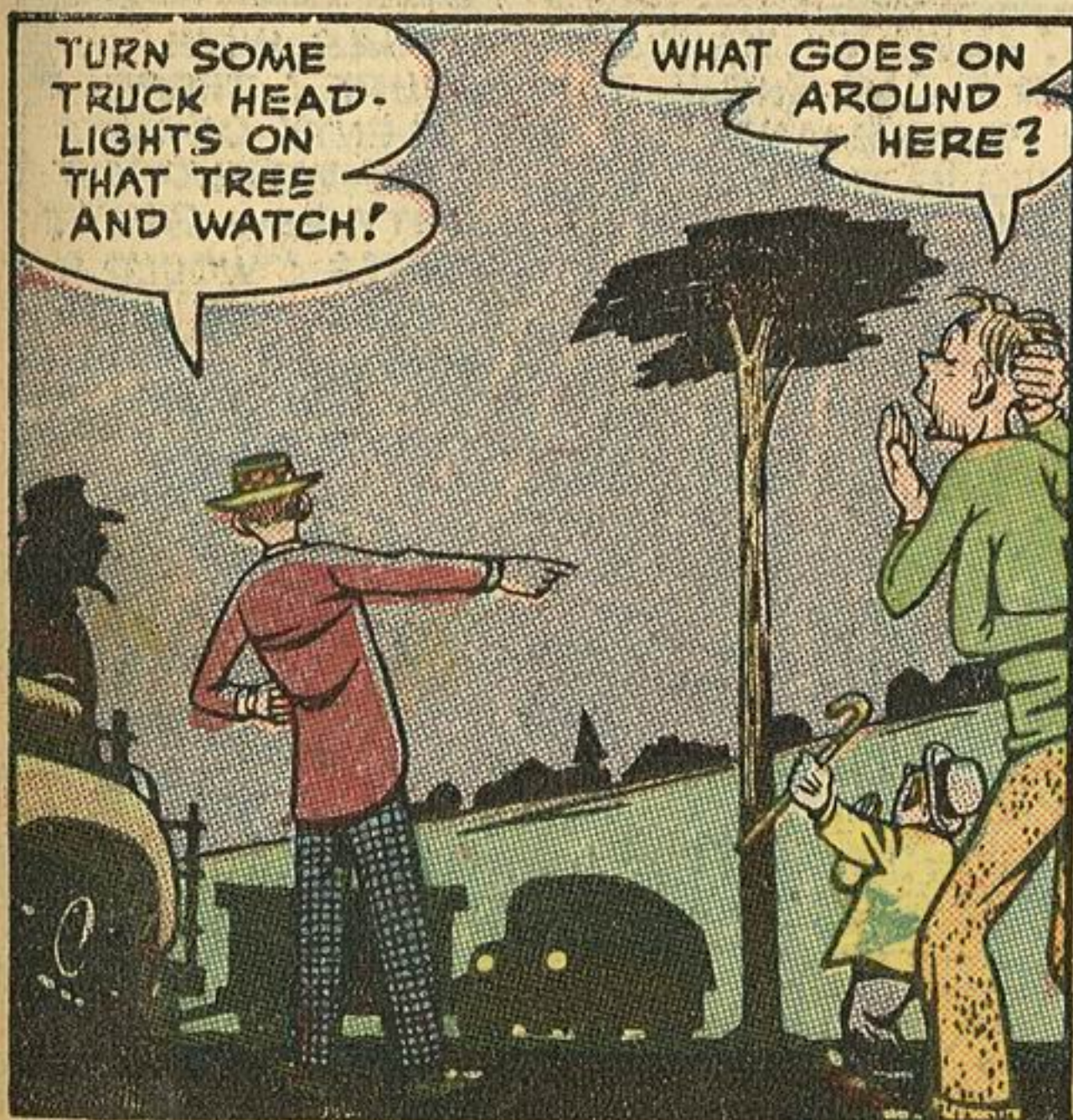
SUCH AS...?

A JOB!

HAH! A JOB? WHAT CAN YOU DO IN A CIRCUS?

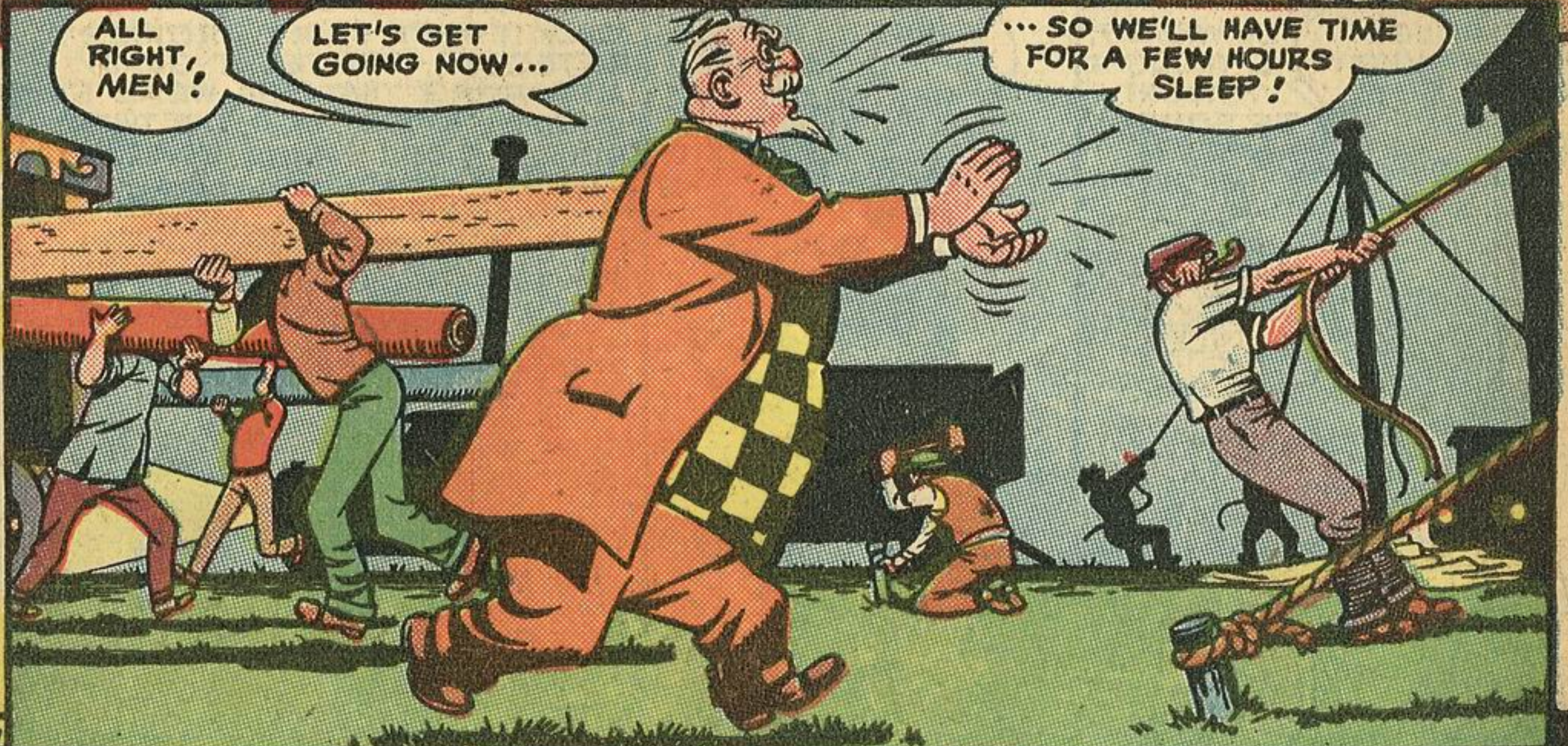
MAKE LIKE A FLY!

NATIONAL COMICS

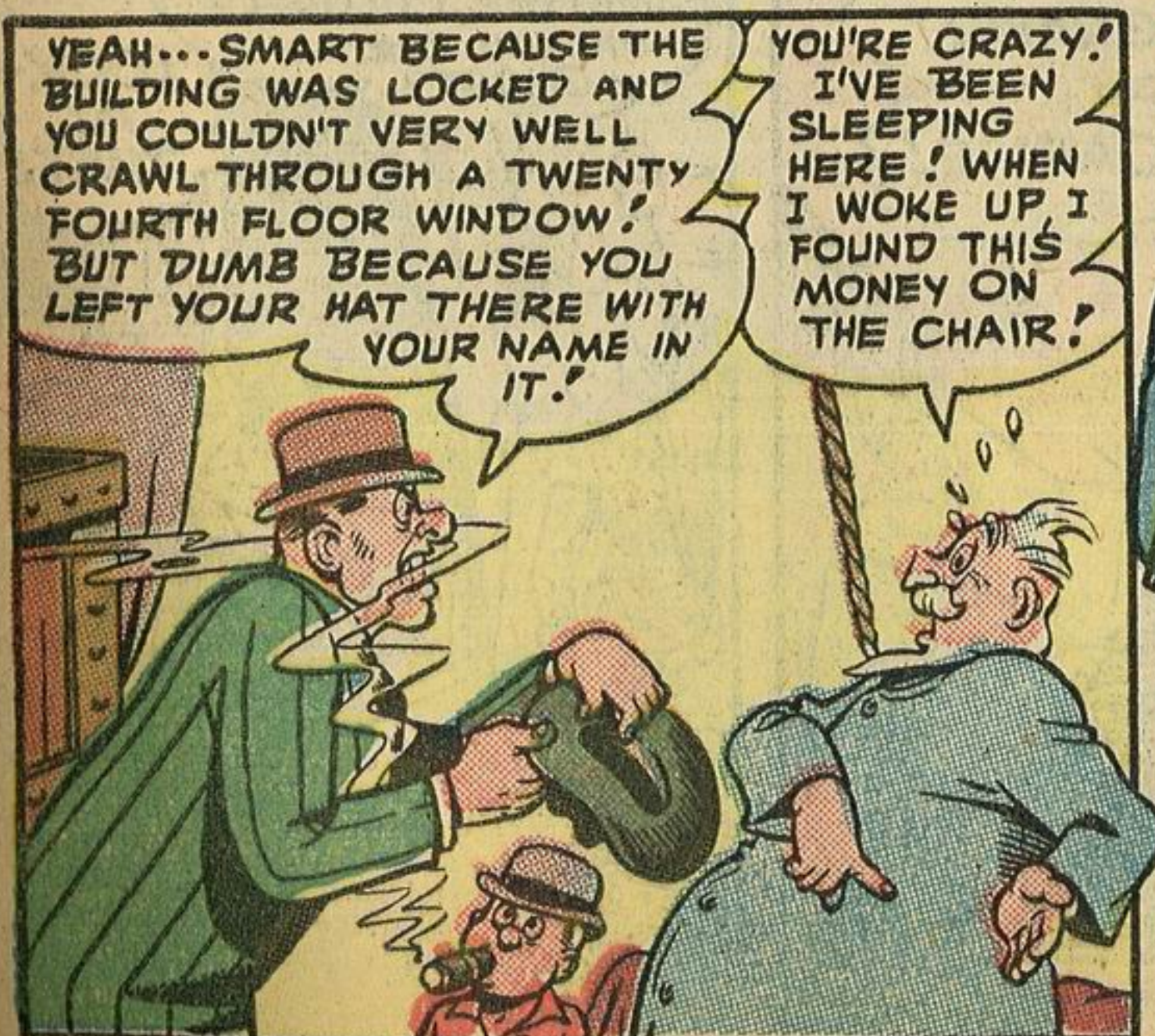
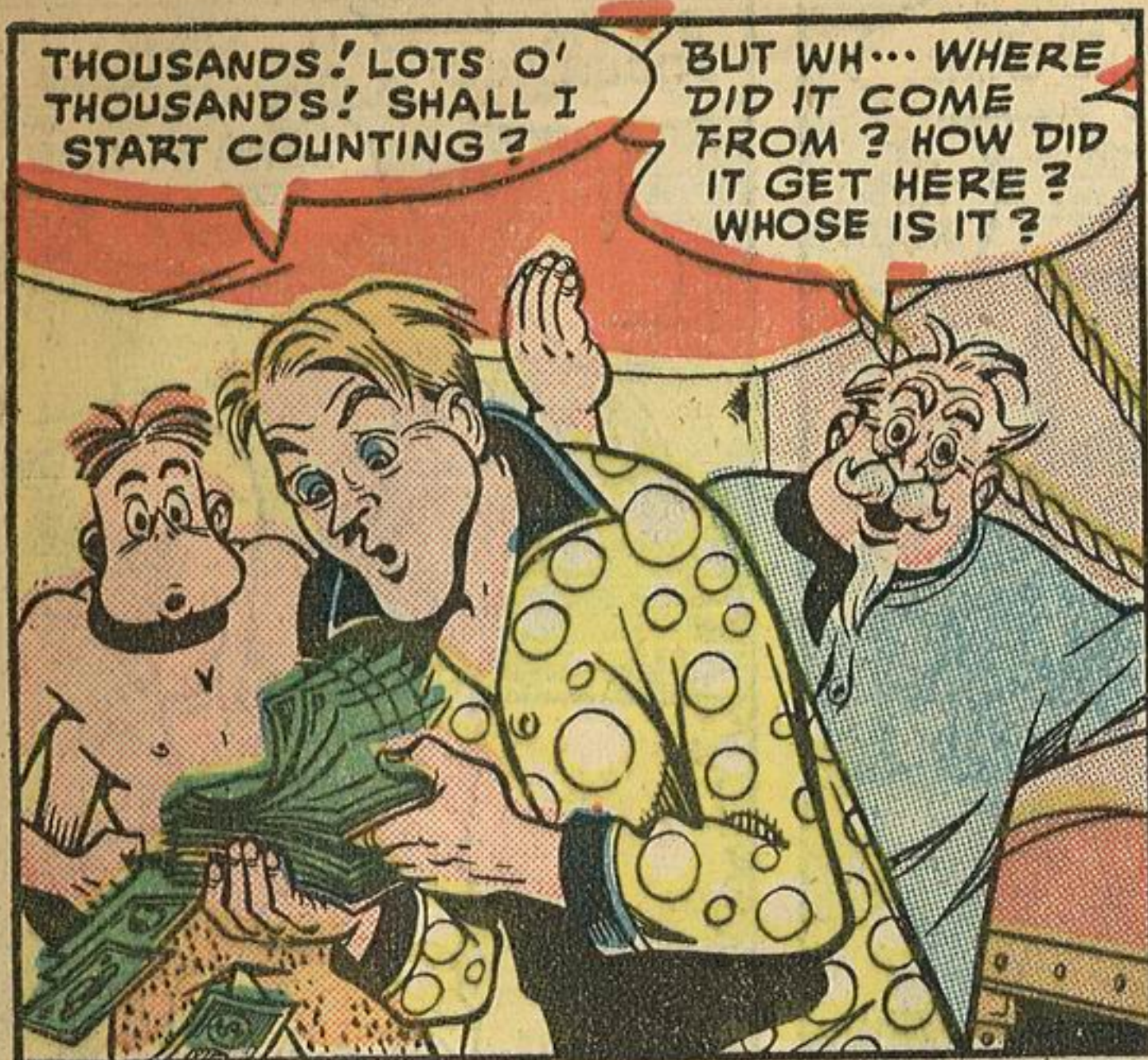




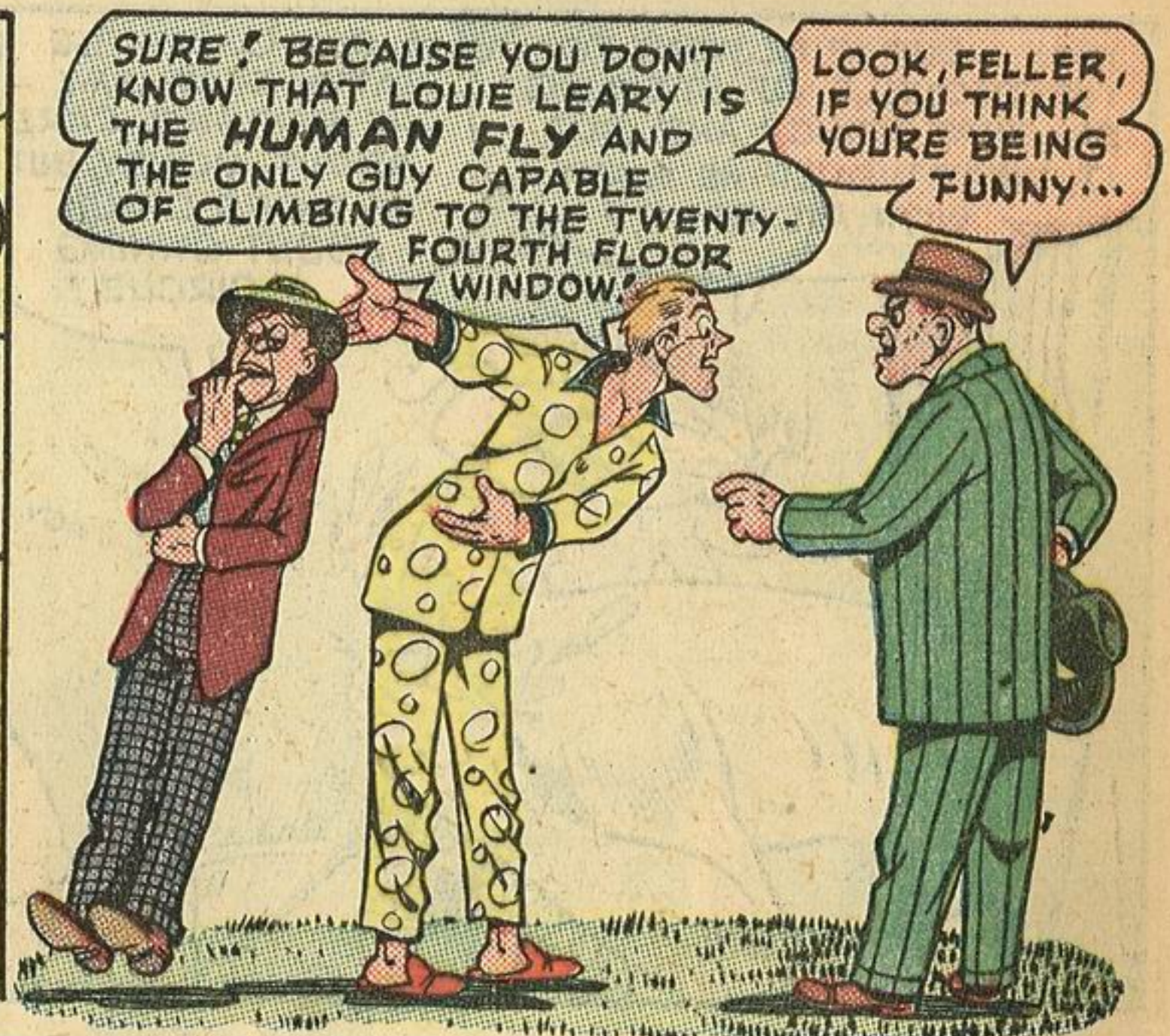
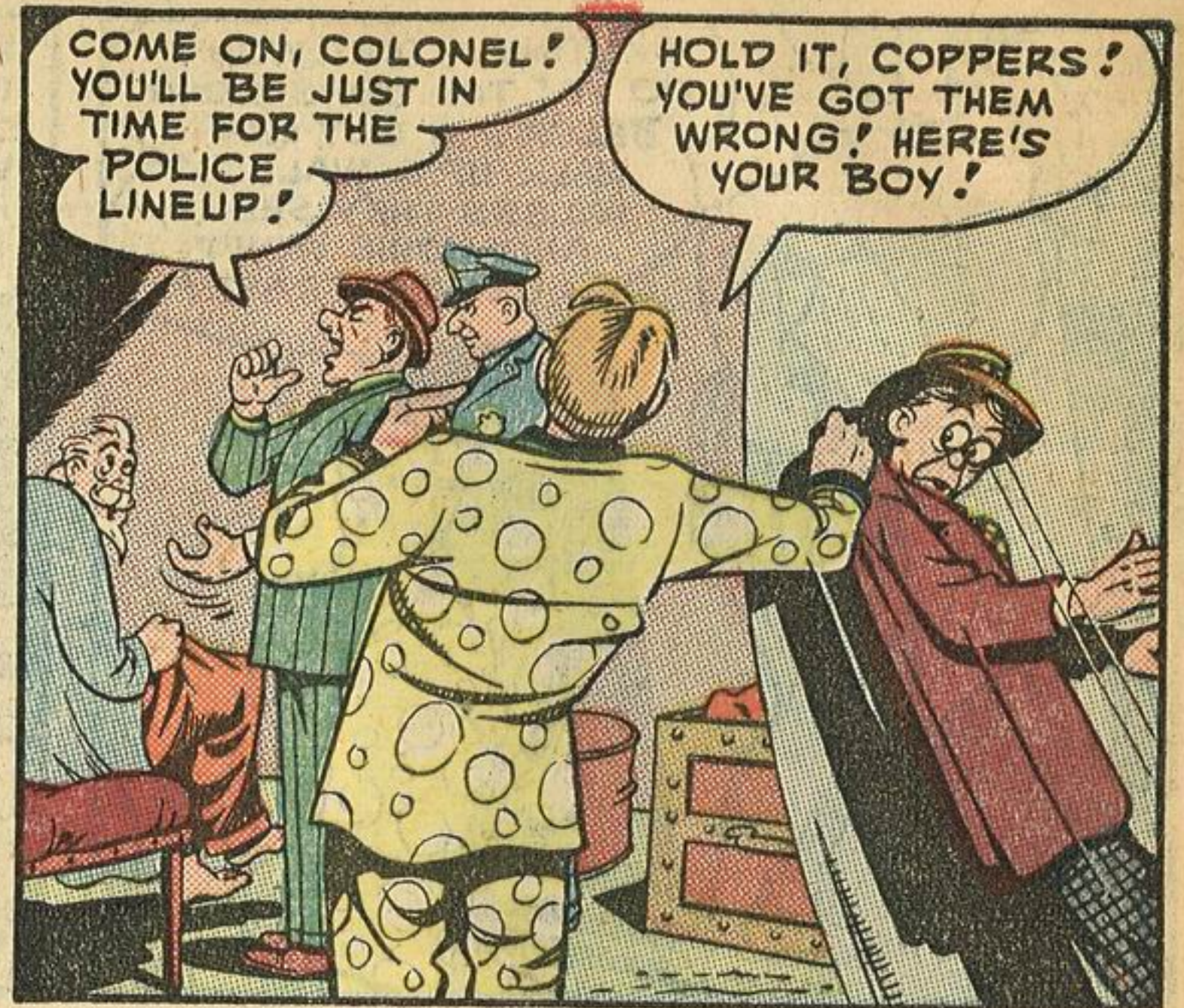
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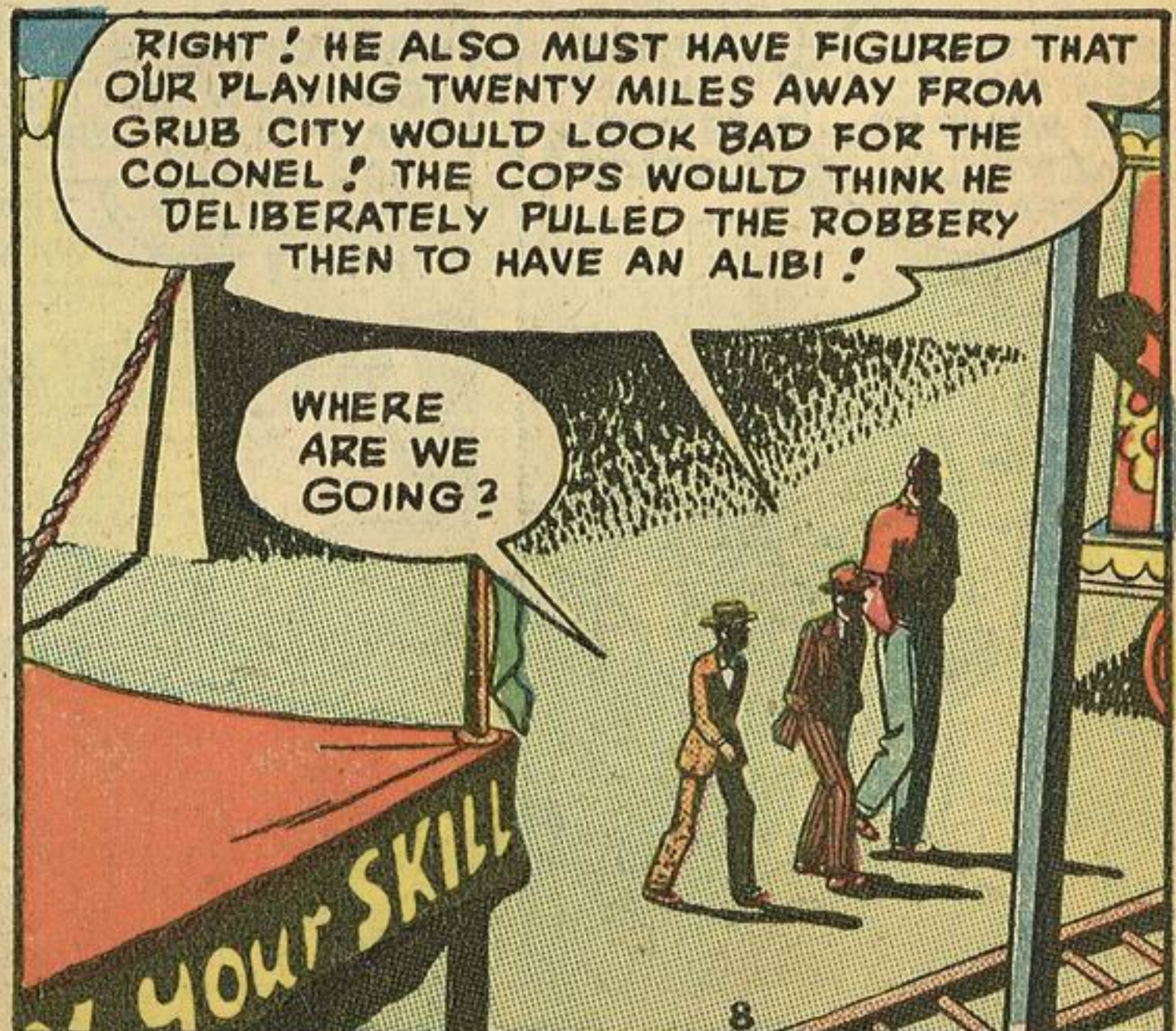
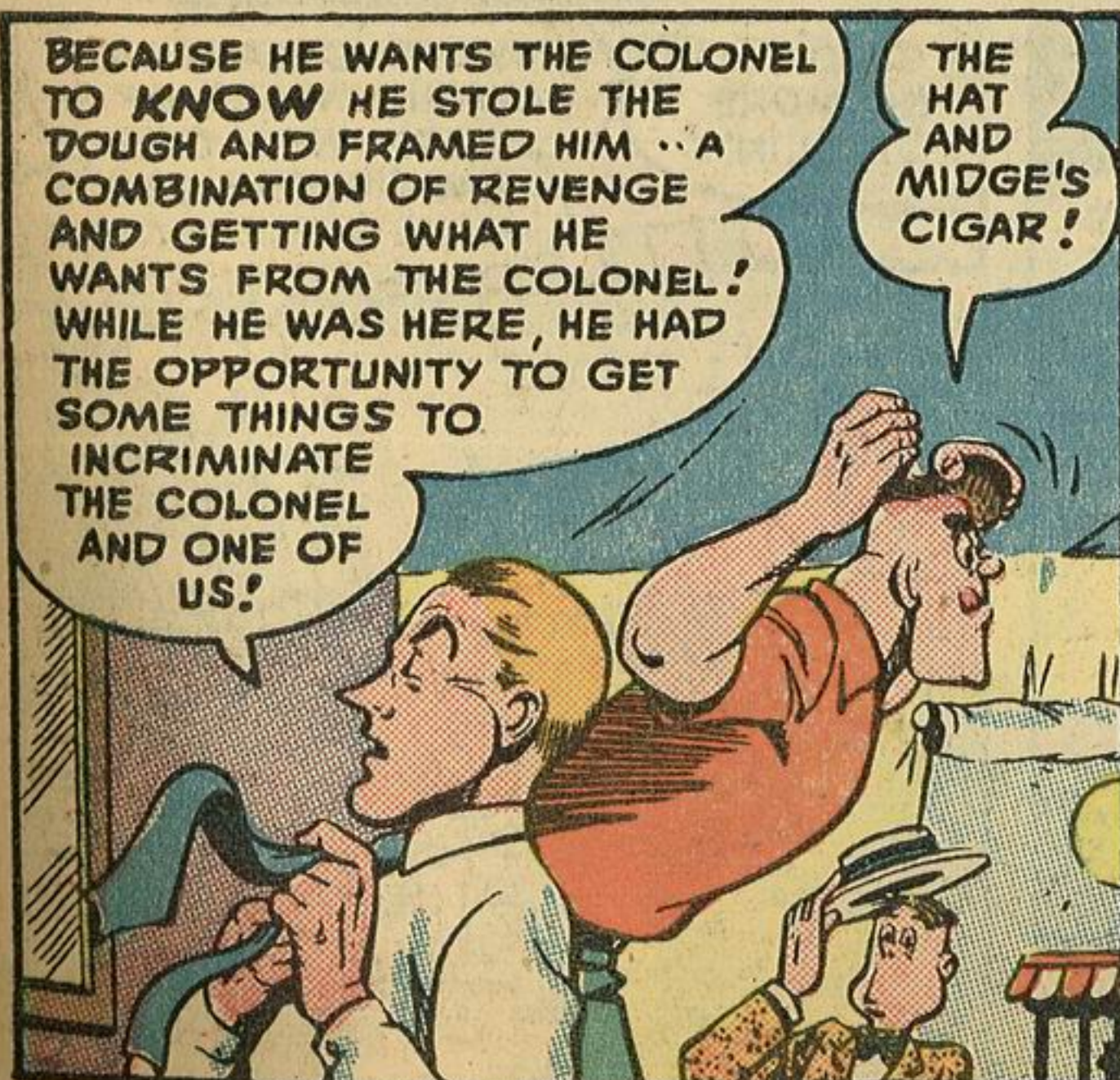
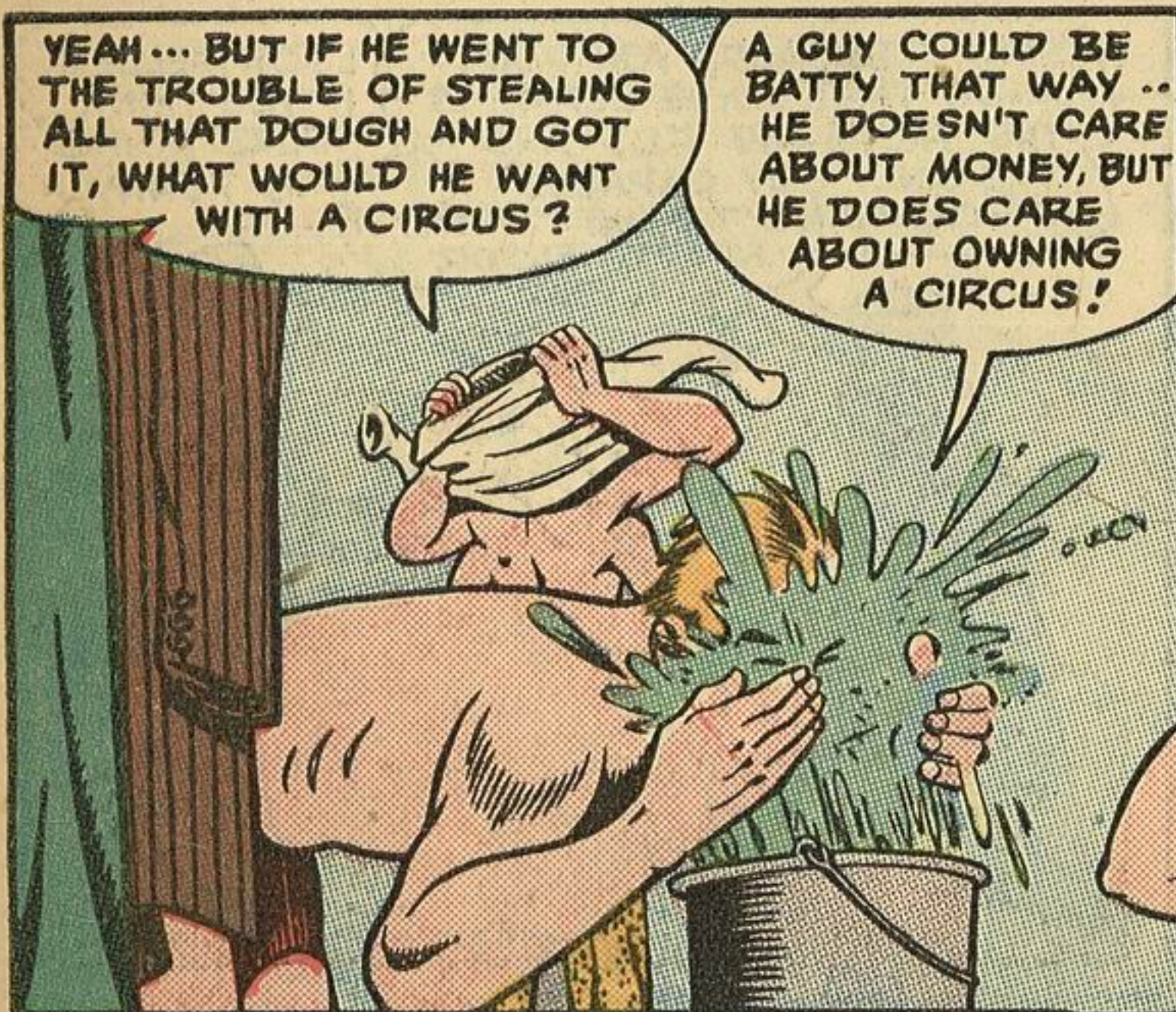
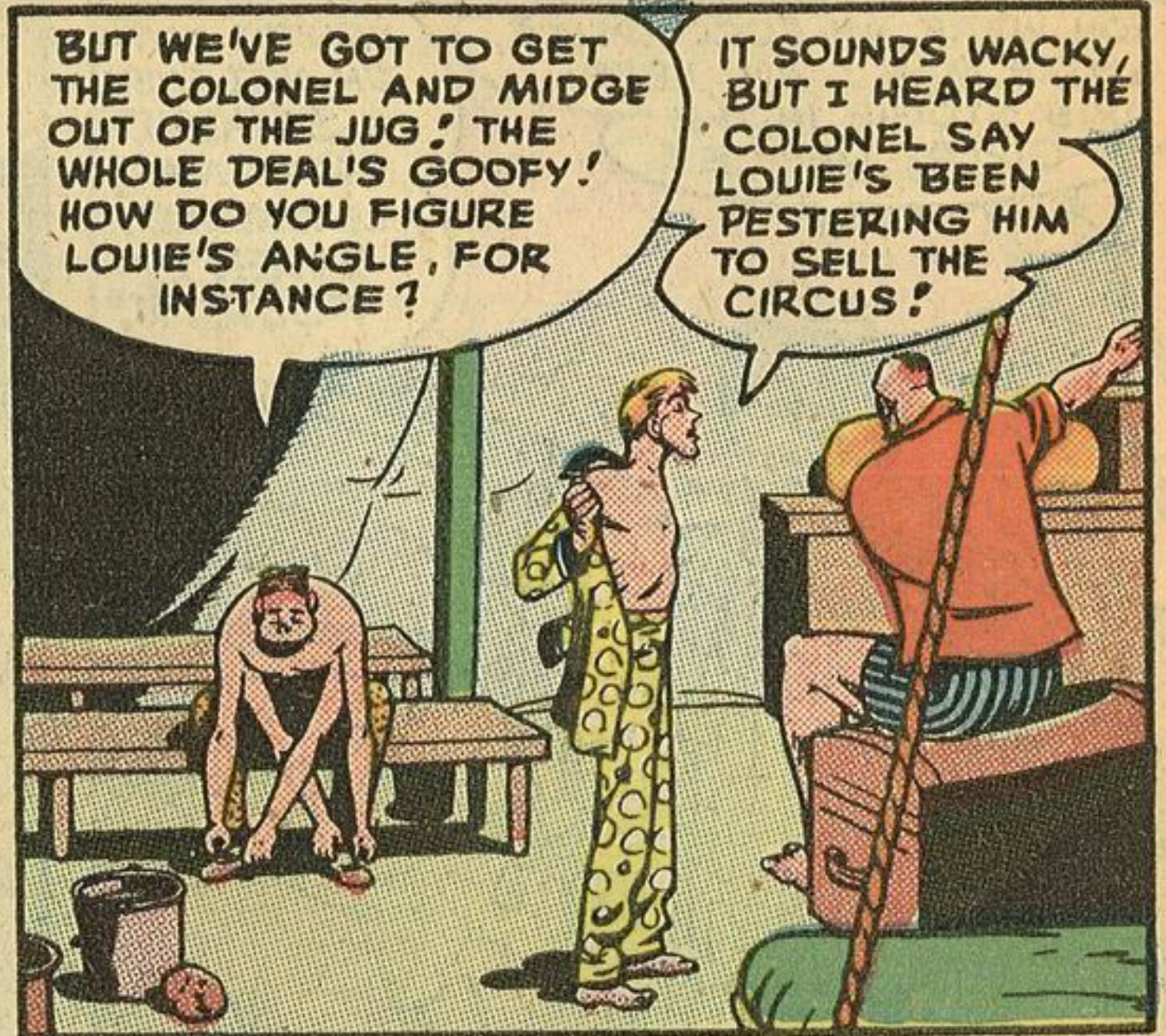
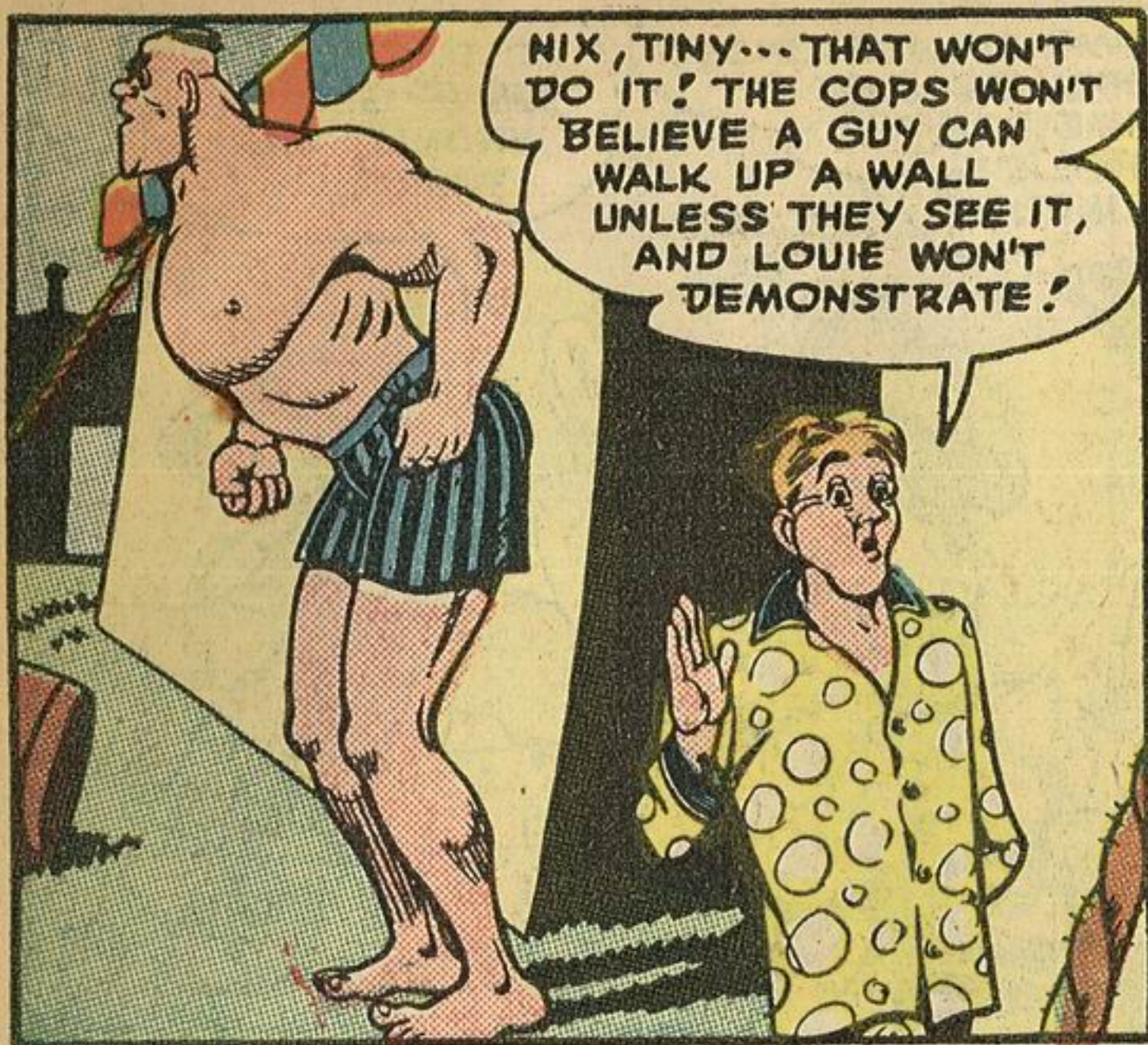


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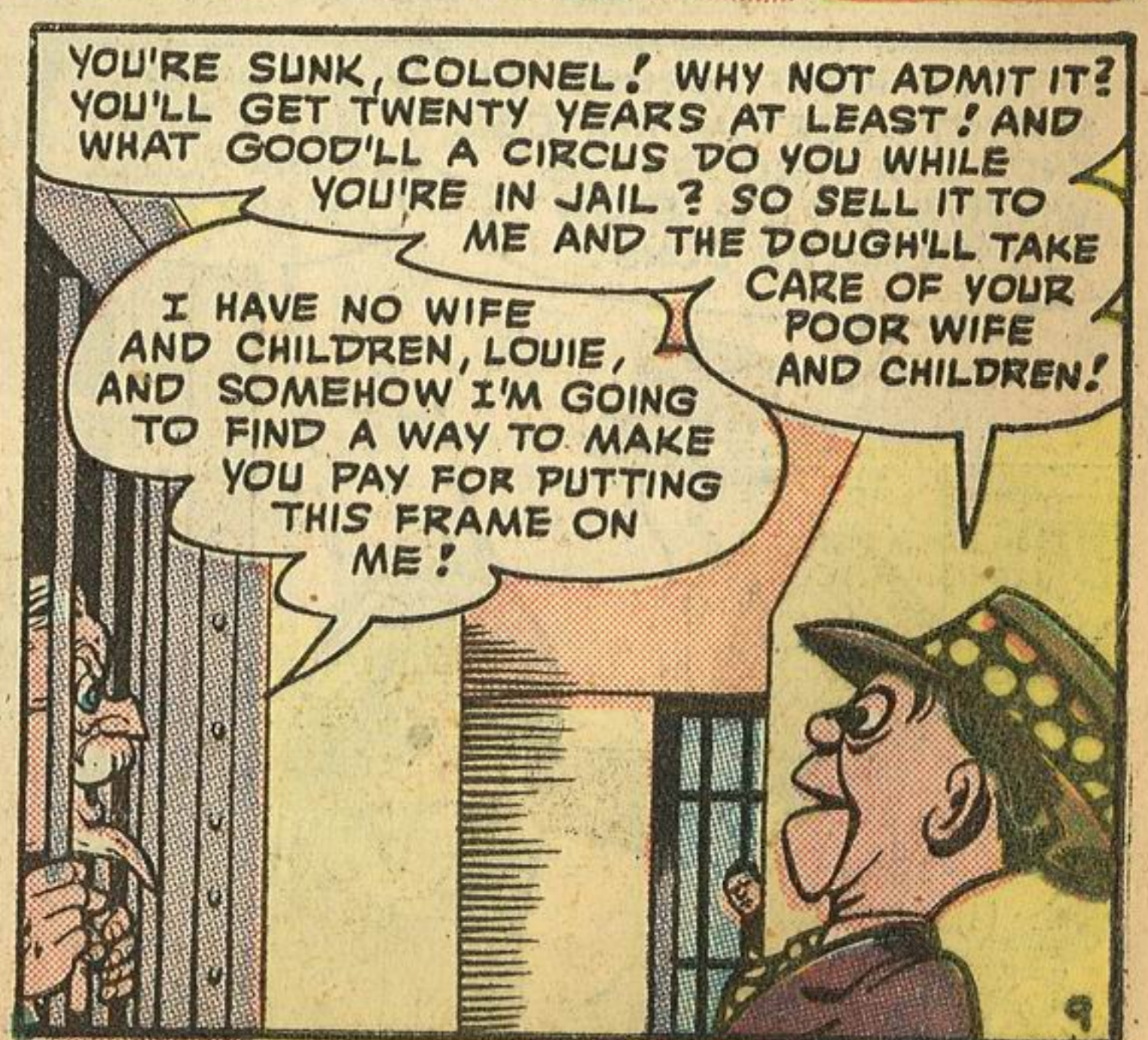


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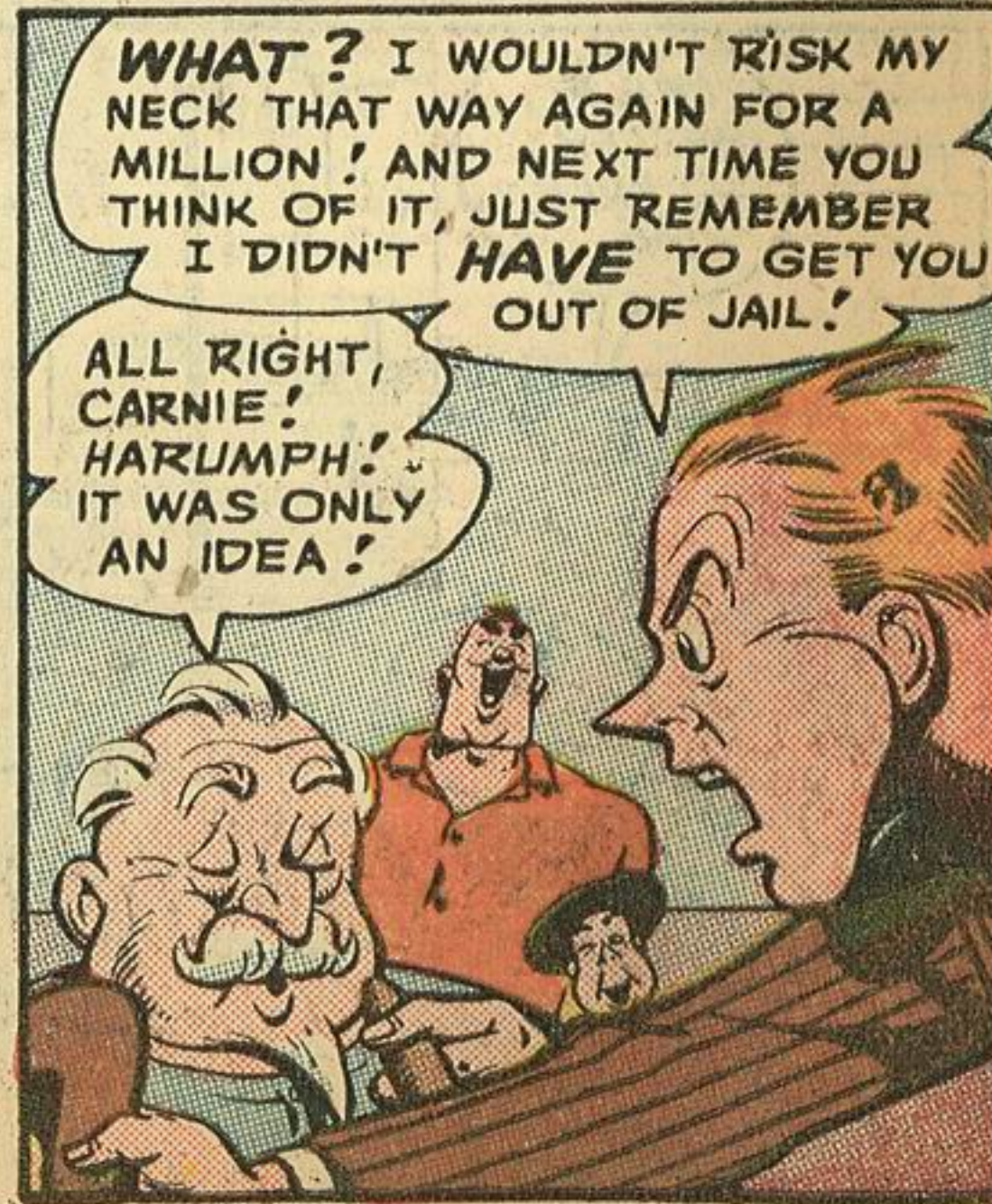




NATIONAL COMICS







Salty Waters

THAT YOU, ELIXIA? I'LL BE FREE AT FOUR BELLS, SO MEET ME AT 4TH AND MAIN AND BRING A GAL FRIEND WITH YOU, 'CAUSE I'LL HAVE A PAL ALONG!



HMPF! ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE BLIND DATES!



STEP ON IT, JAKE, OR WE'LL BE LATE FOR OUR DATE!

OKAY, SALTY, BUT ON OUR WAY I GOTTA DELIVER A PRESENT FROM THE CAPTAIN TO HIS KID NEPHEW!



Meanwhile...

YA MEAN THAT'S THE PRESENT YA GOTTA DROP OFF?

YEH! HE DRESSED HIM ALL UP TO GIVE HIS NEPHEW A BANG, I GUESS!



Later...

WAIT RIGHT HERE, SALTY, WHILE I PHONE THAT NEPHEW THAT I GOT HIS PRESENT!

WELL, HURRY, OR WE MAY BUMP INTO THOSE DATES OF OURS!



IS THIS BOY FRIEND OF SALTY'S GOOD-LOOKING, ELIXIA?

WE CAN ONLY HOPE FOR THE BEST, BENICIA!



THE LAST PAL SALTY HAD WAS SORTA SHORT AND SILLY-LOOKIN' BUT MAYBE THIS ONE'LL BE BETTER!



NO BETTER, SO HELP ME!



GOOD GLORY! AM I SUPPOSED TO RHUMBA WITH THIS?

YOU RAT! TRYING TO DATE MY GIRL FRIEND WITH THAT THING!

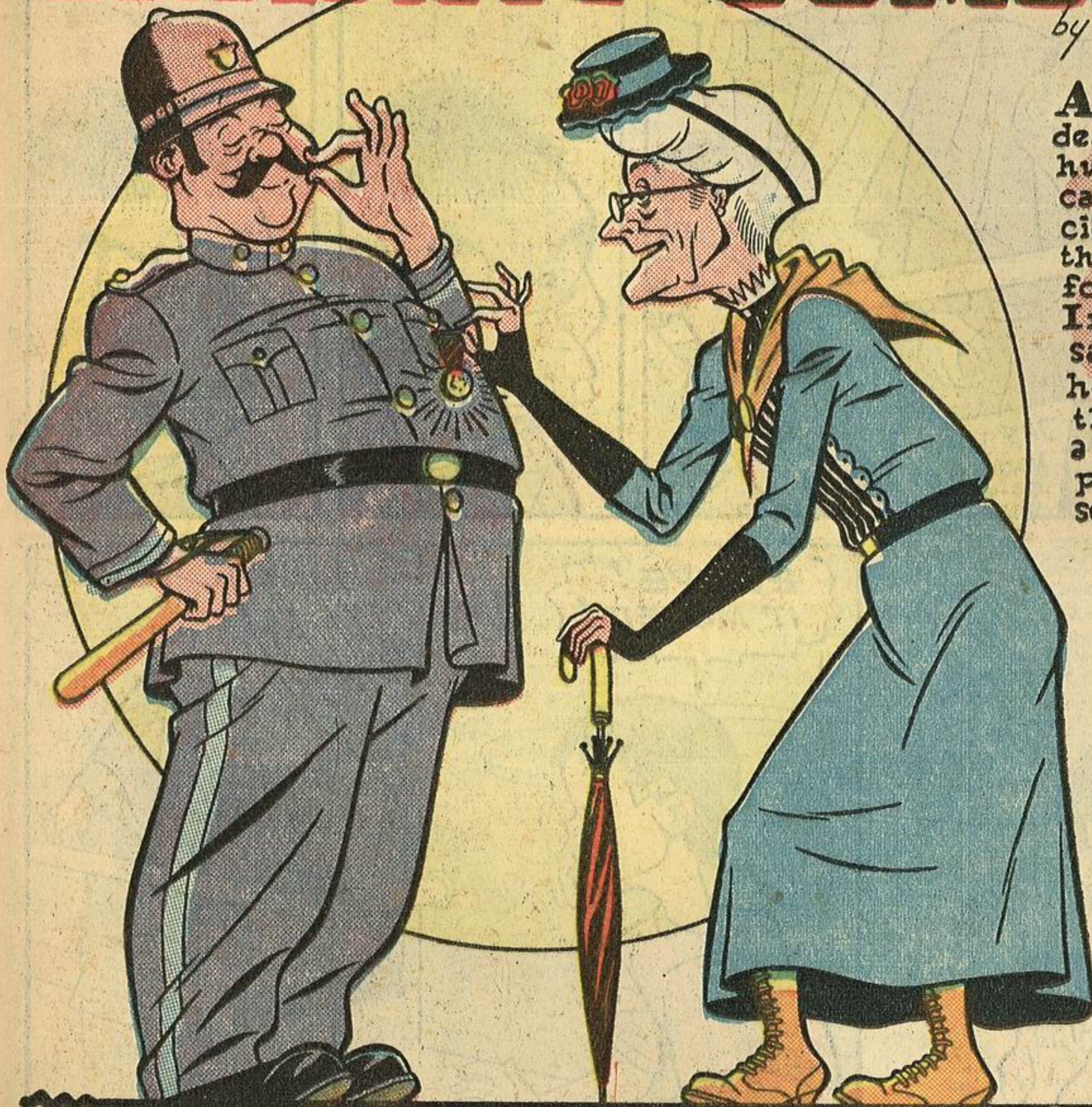


HEY! WHAT'S WRONG OUT THERE?

NATIONAL COMICS

GRANNY GUMSHOE

by -Gill Fox-



A policeman, dead since nineteen hundred two, captures a homicidal maniac in the year nineteen forty-eight! Impossible, you say? Then read how Granny has the assistance of a long deceased police hero in solving the baffling case of **THE LUMP!**

THE LUMP HAS ESCAPED! THE LUMP, INFAMOUS MURDERER OF A DECADE AGO HAS ESCAPED FROM THE WESTON ASYLUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE!

IT HAPPENED DURING THE STORM, MRS. GUMSHOE... LIGHTNING STRUCK THE WALL OF HIS CELL! WE RUSHED HERE BUT HE HAD ALREADY ESCAPED THROUGH THE HOLE!

DID THE LUMP HAVE ANY STRANGE HABITS, WARDEN?

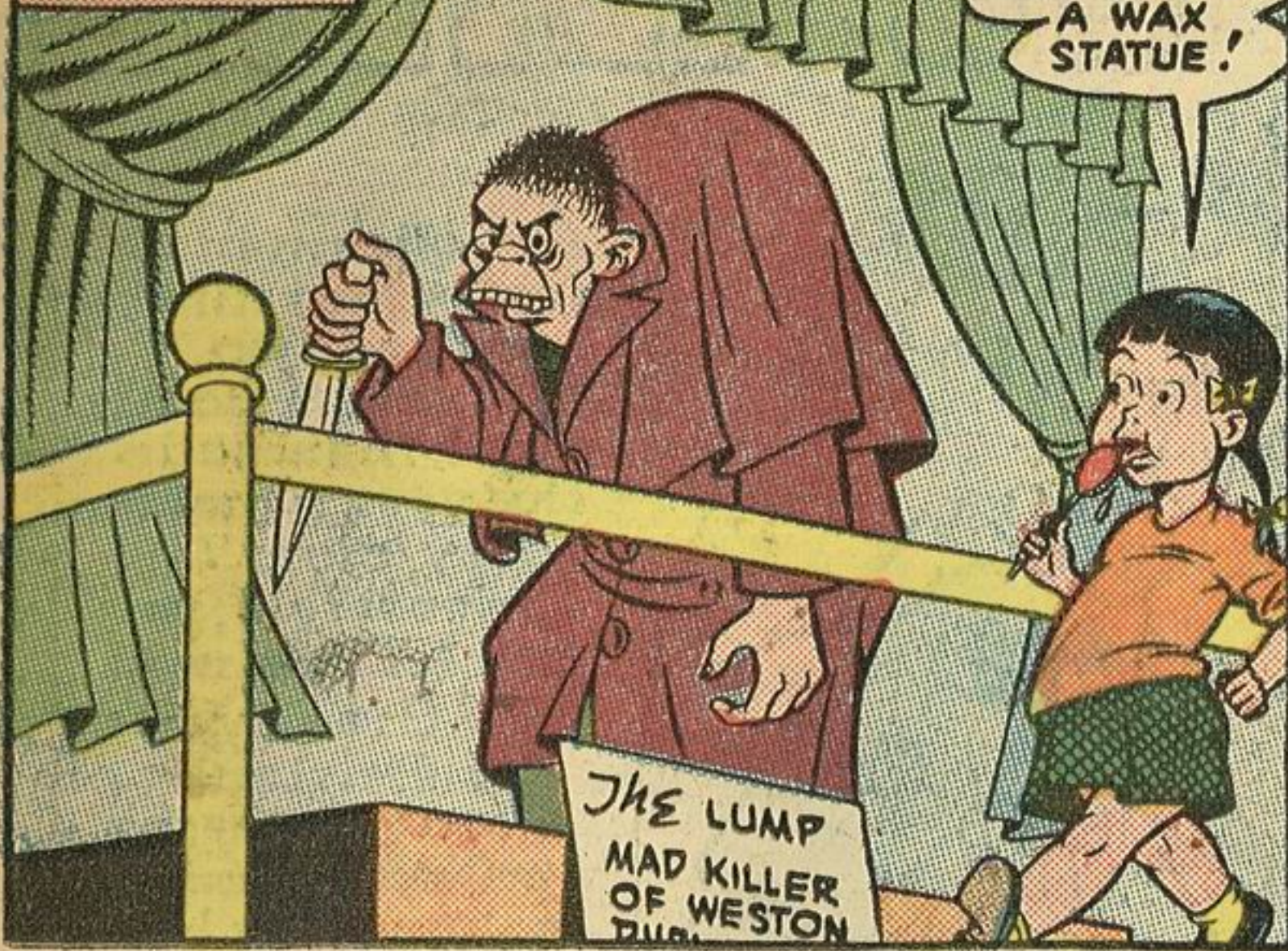
HE HAD MANY QUEER HABITS... BUT THE STRANGEST WAS HIS ABILITY TO STAND IN ONE SPOT FOR DAYS WITHOUT MOVING!

YES, I REMEMBER READING THAT WHEN HE WAS CAPTURED YEARS AGO!



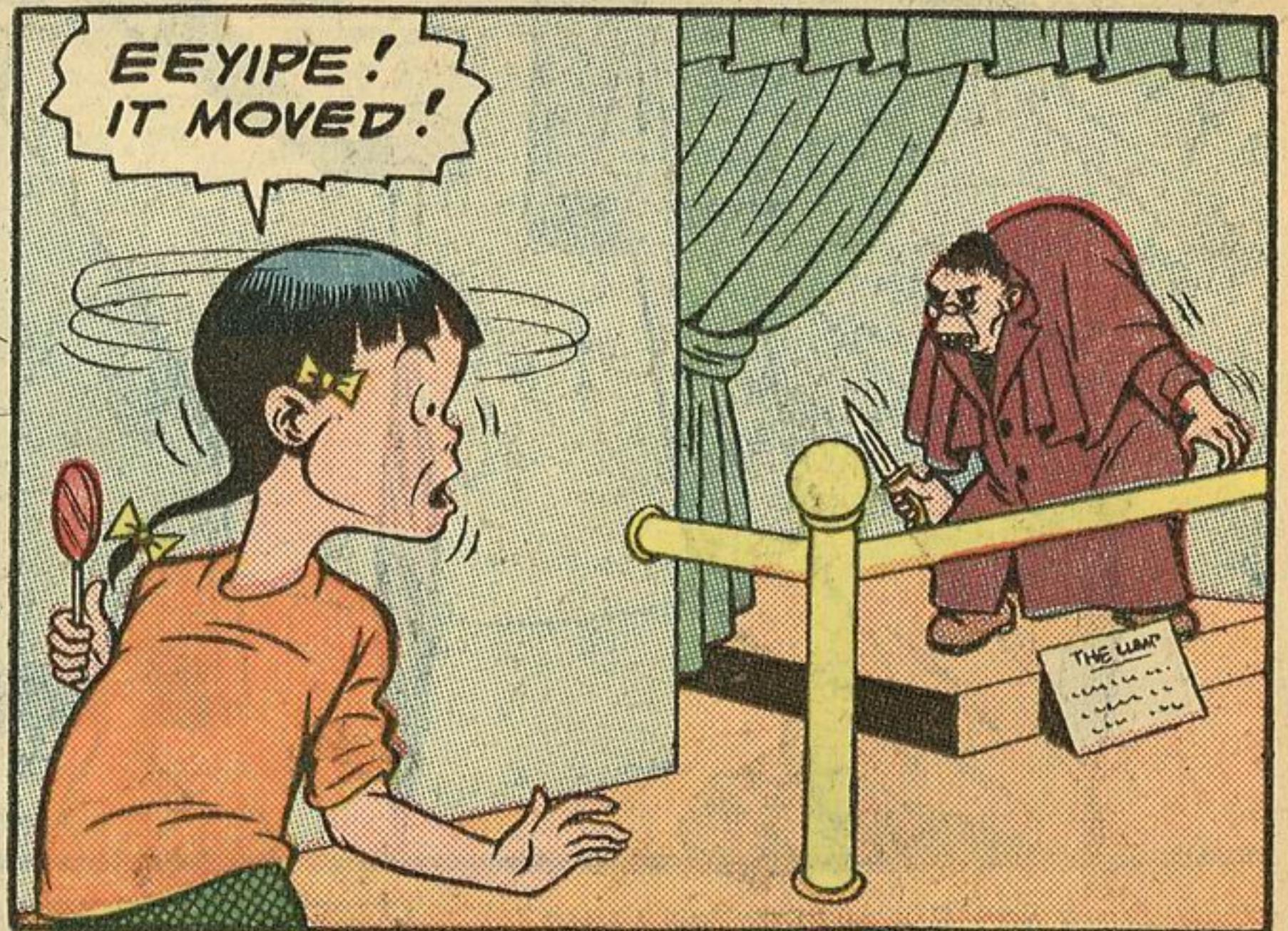
MEANWHILE, IN THE OLD WESTON WAX MUSEUM, LIPPY IS ENJOYING A GRUESOME AFTERNOON ...

UGH! I'M GLAD THAT'S ONLY A WAX STATUE!



EEYIPE! IT MOVED!

CREAK!

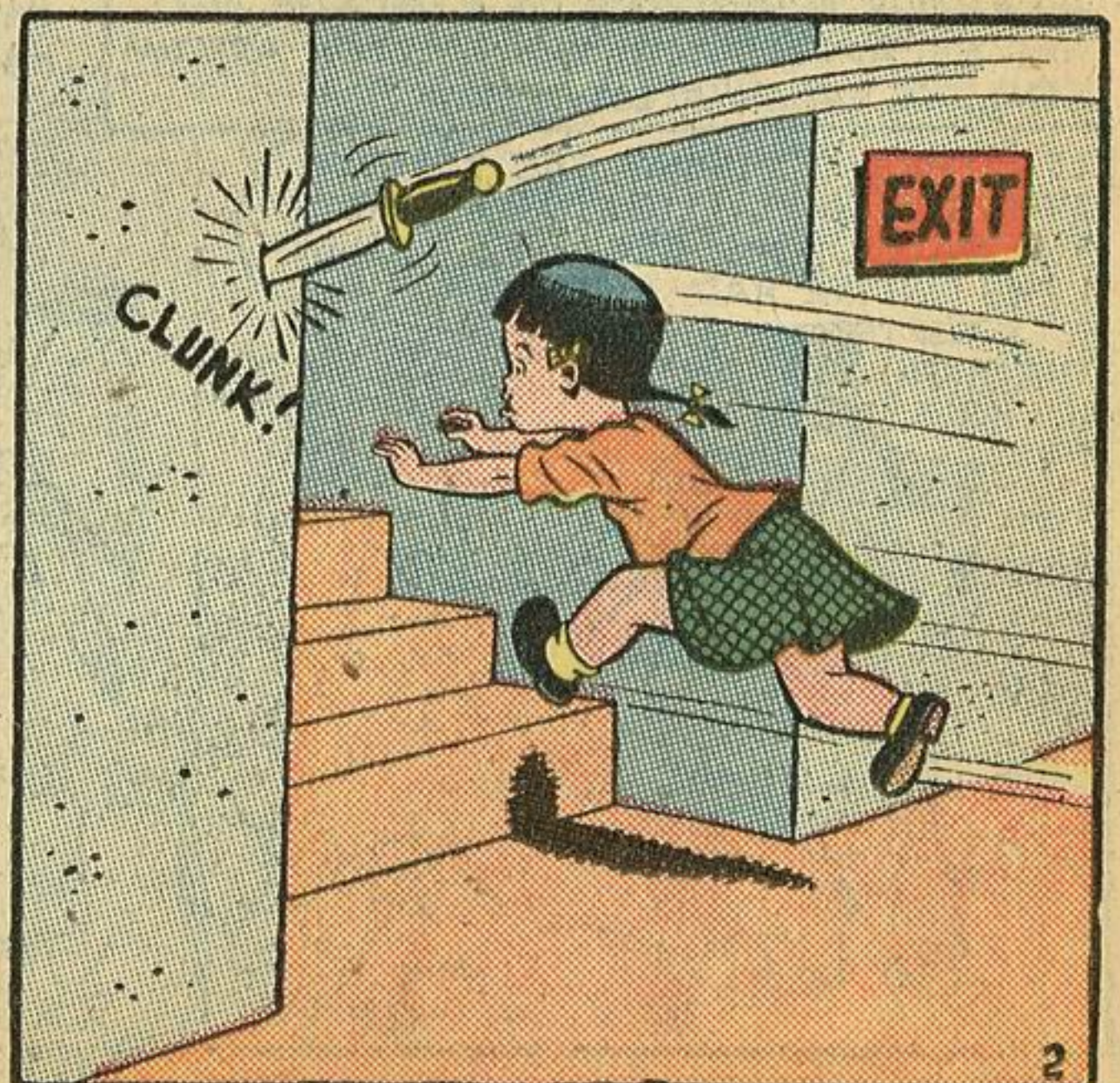


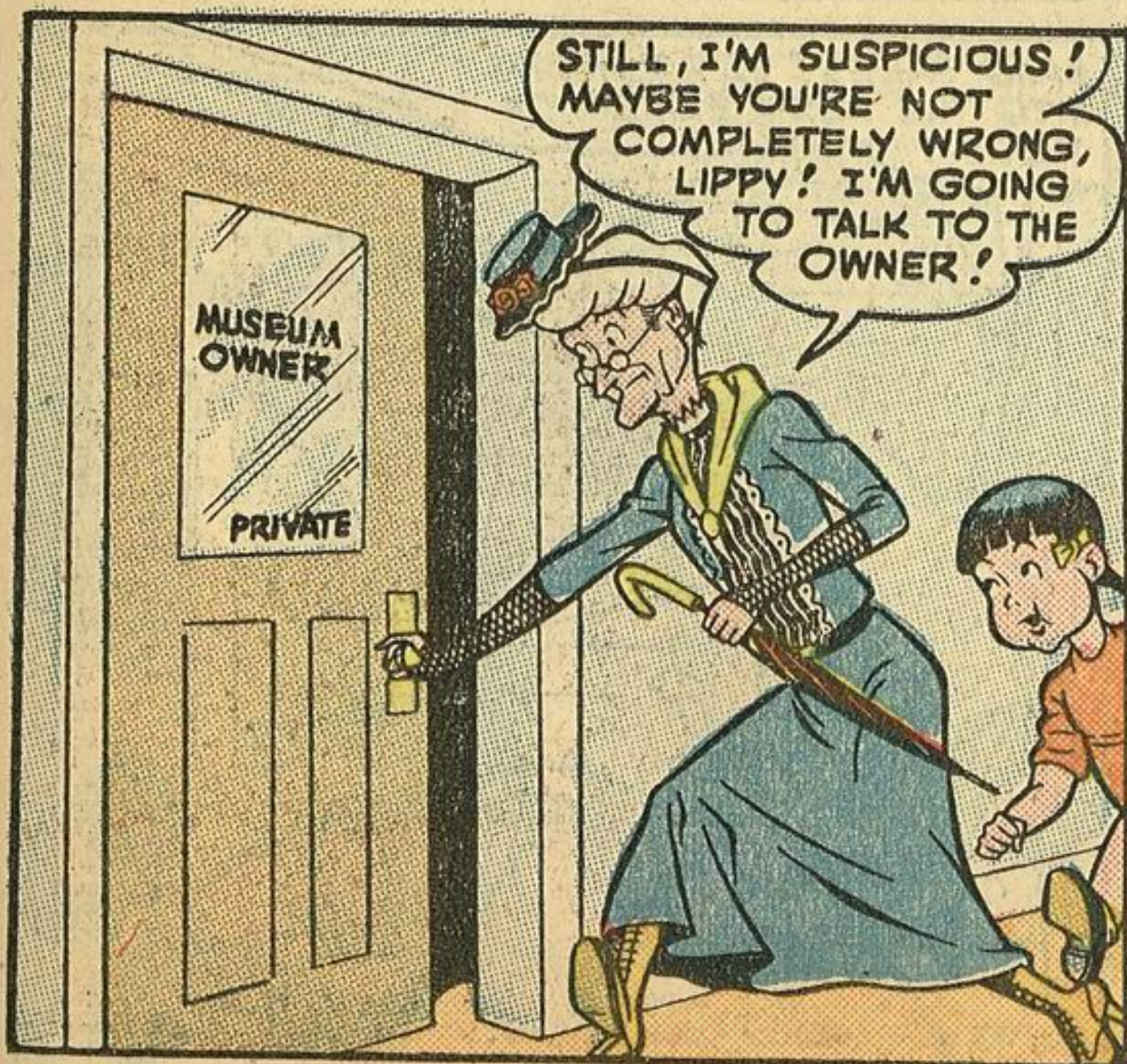
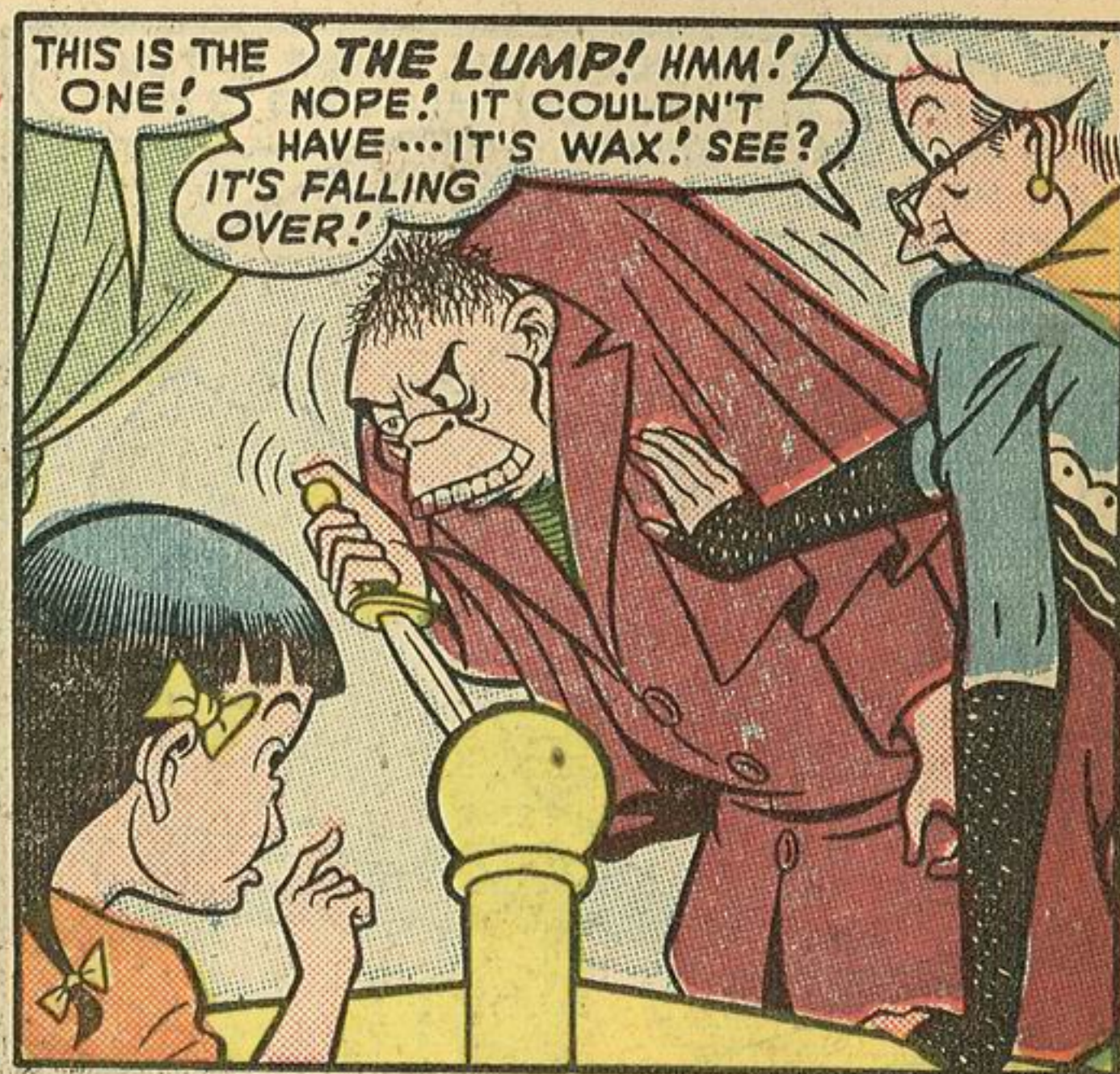
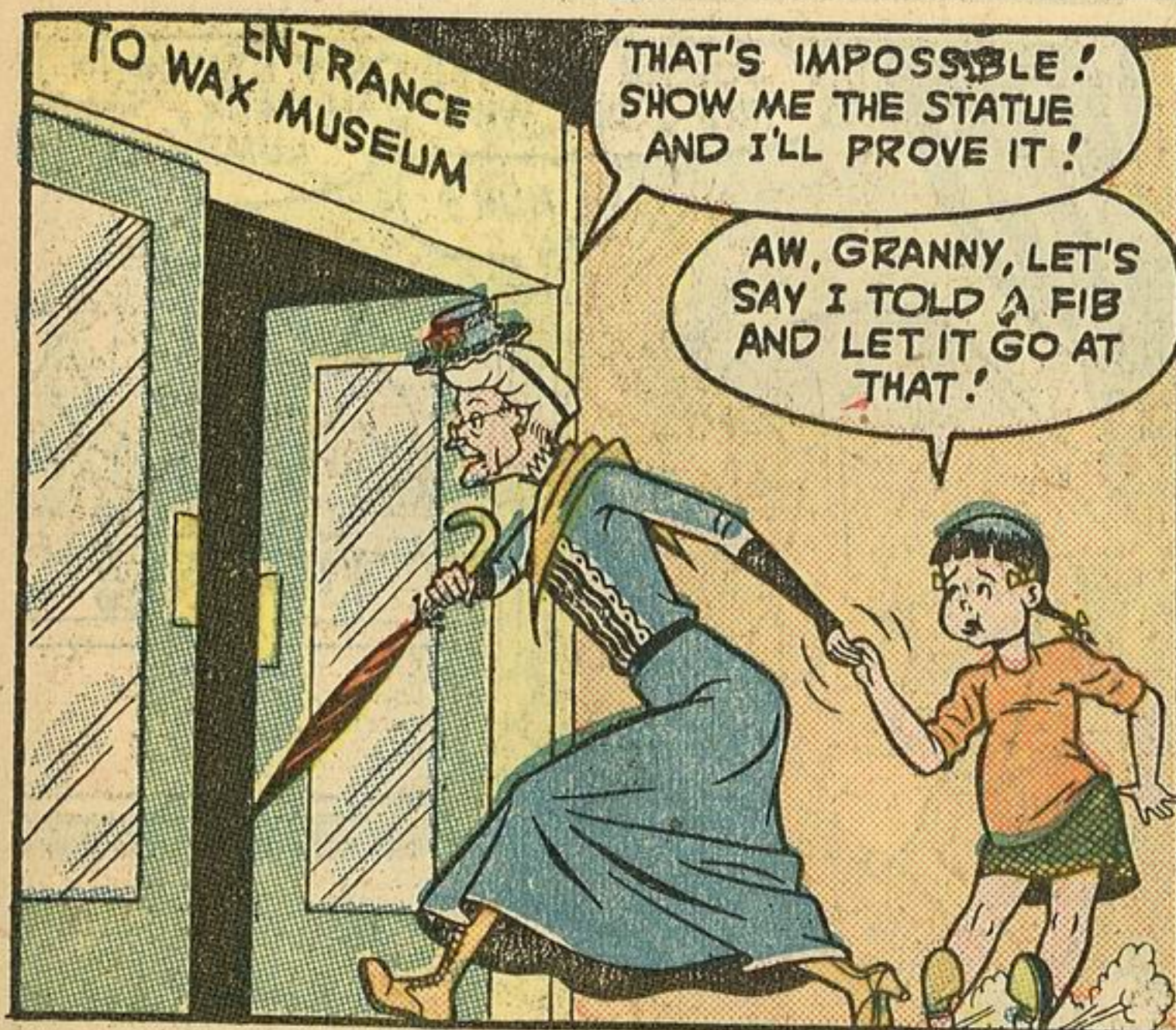
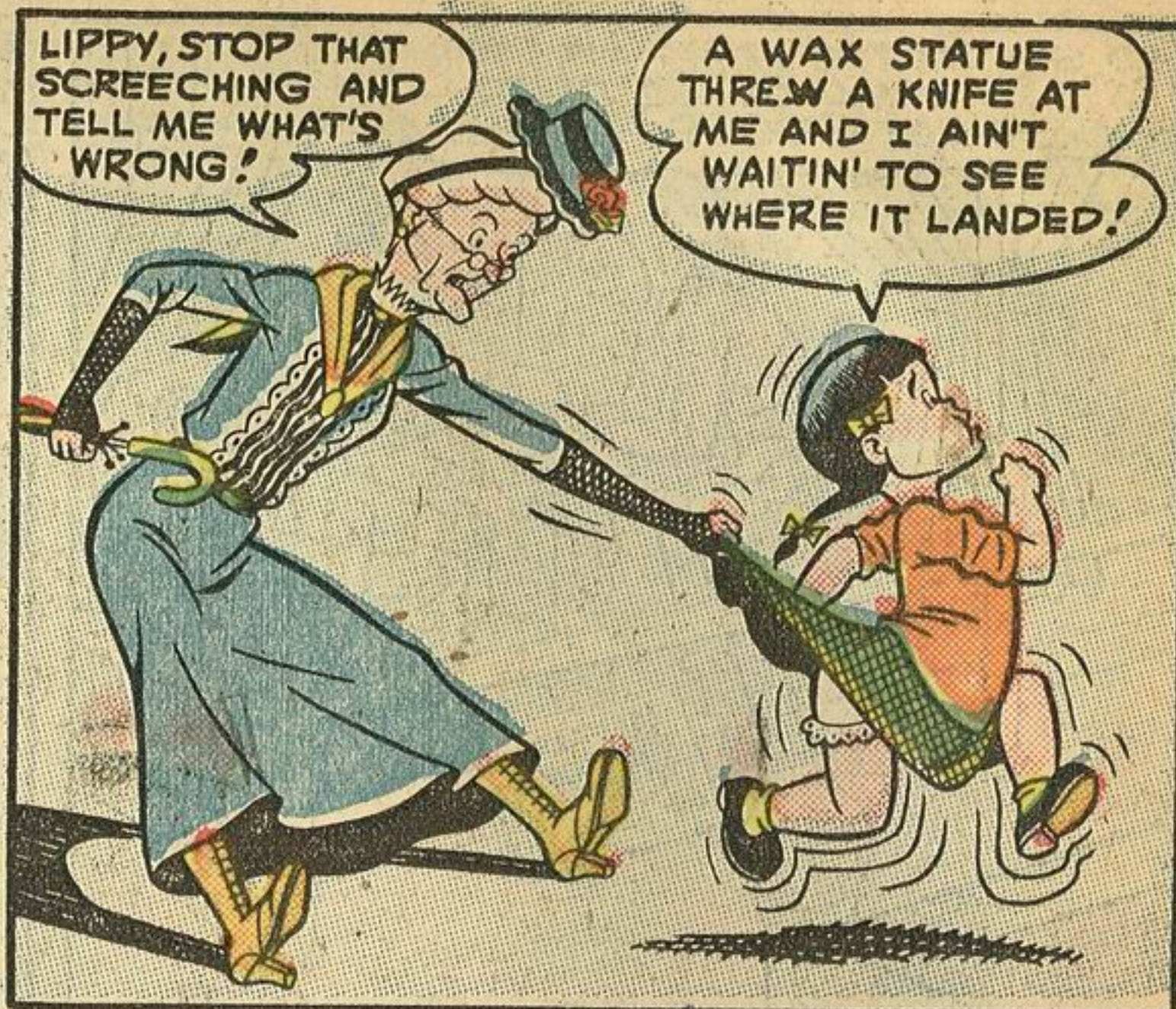
YOU KNOW MY SECRET, EH? THEN DIE!

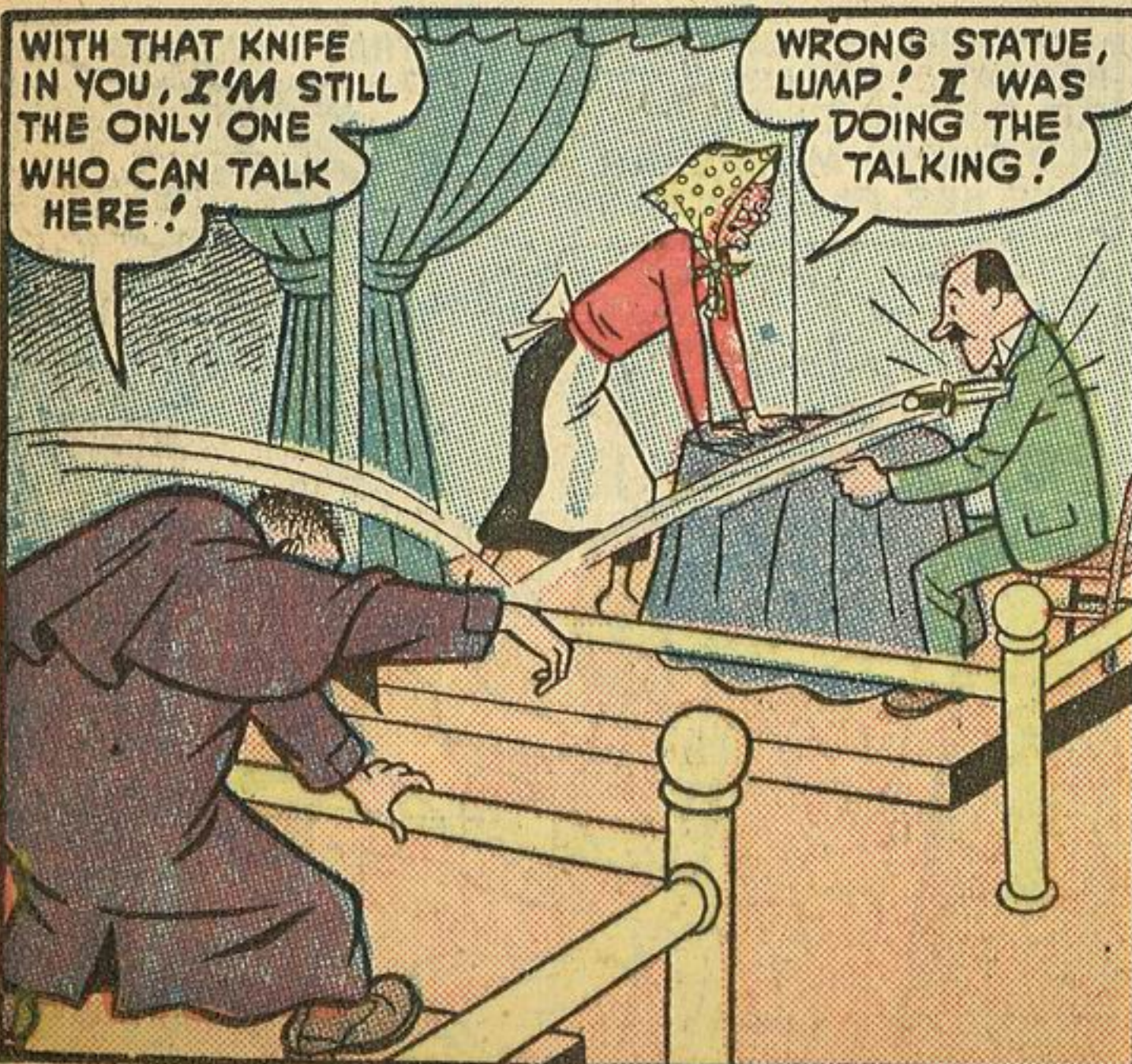
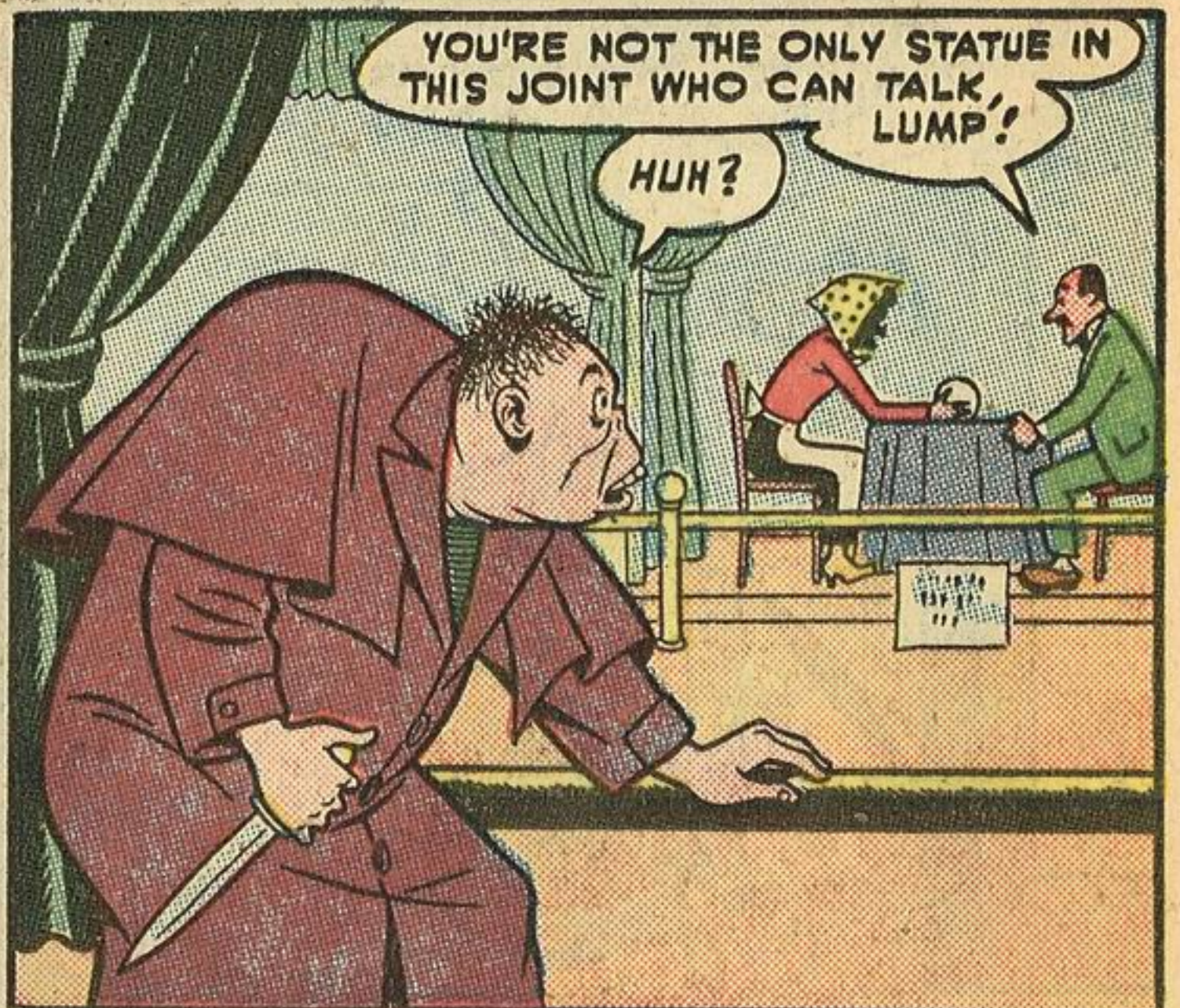
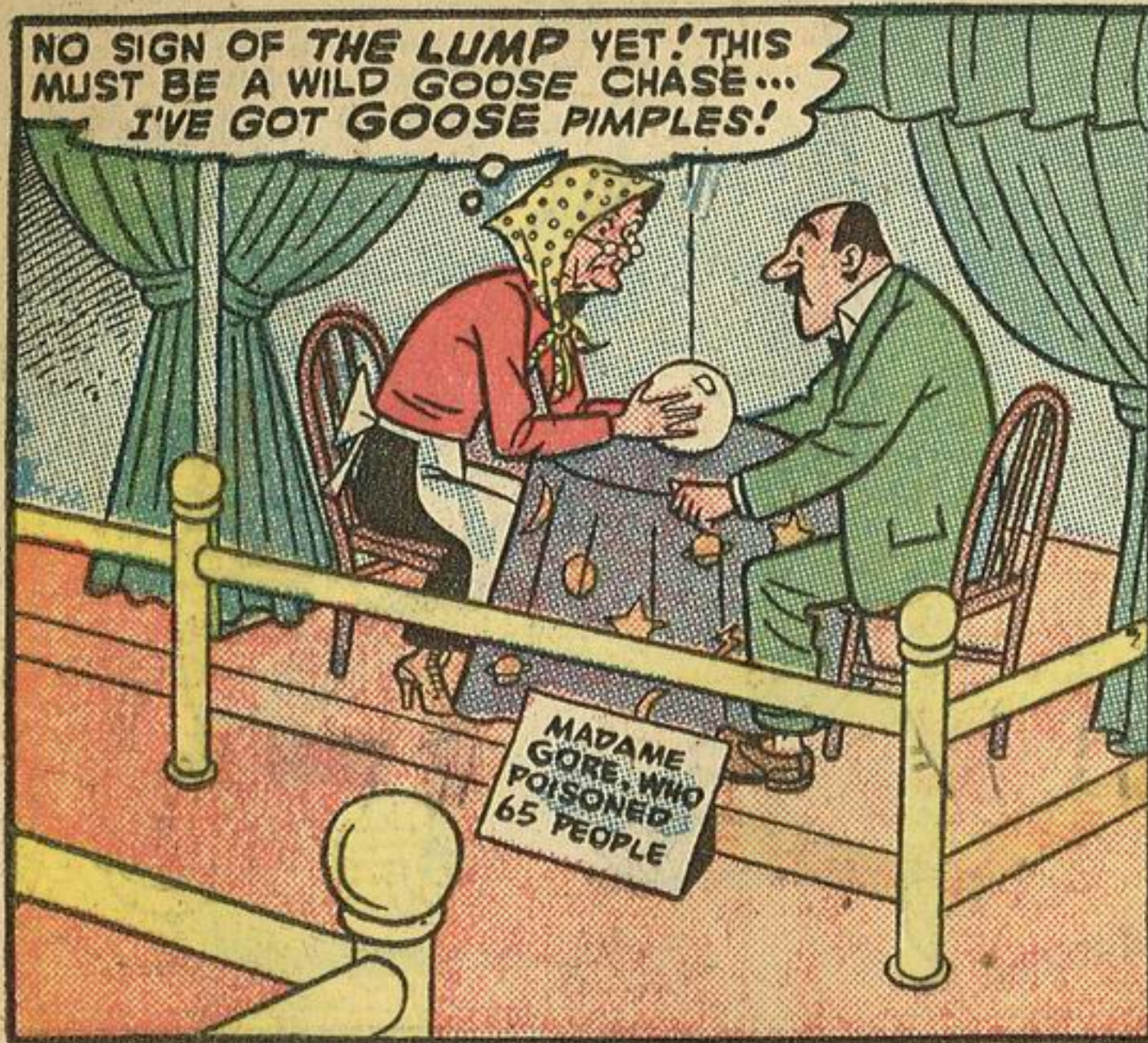


CLUNK!

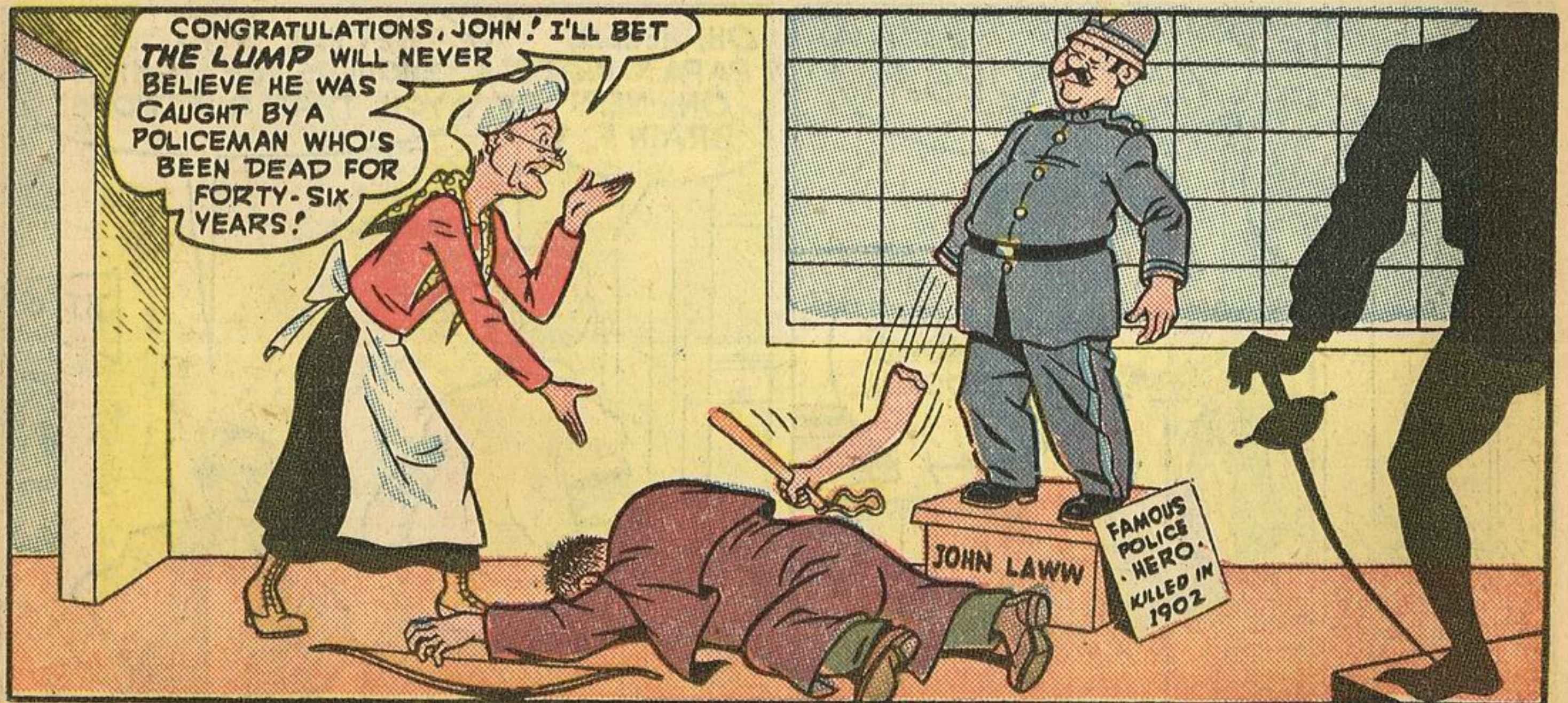
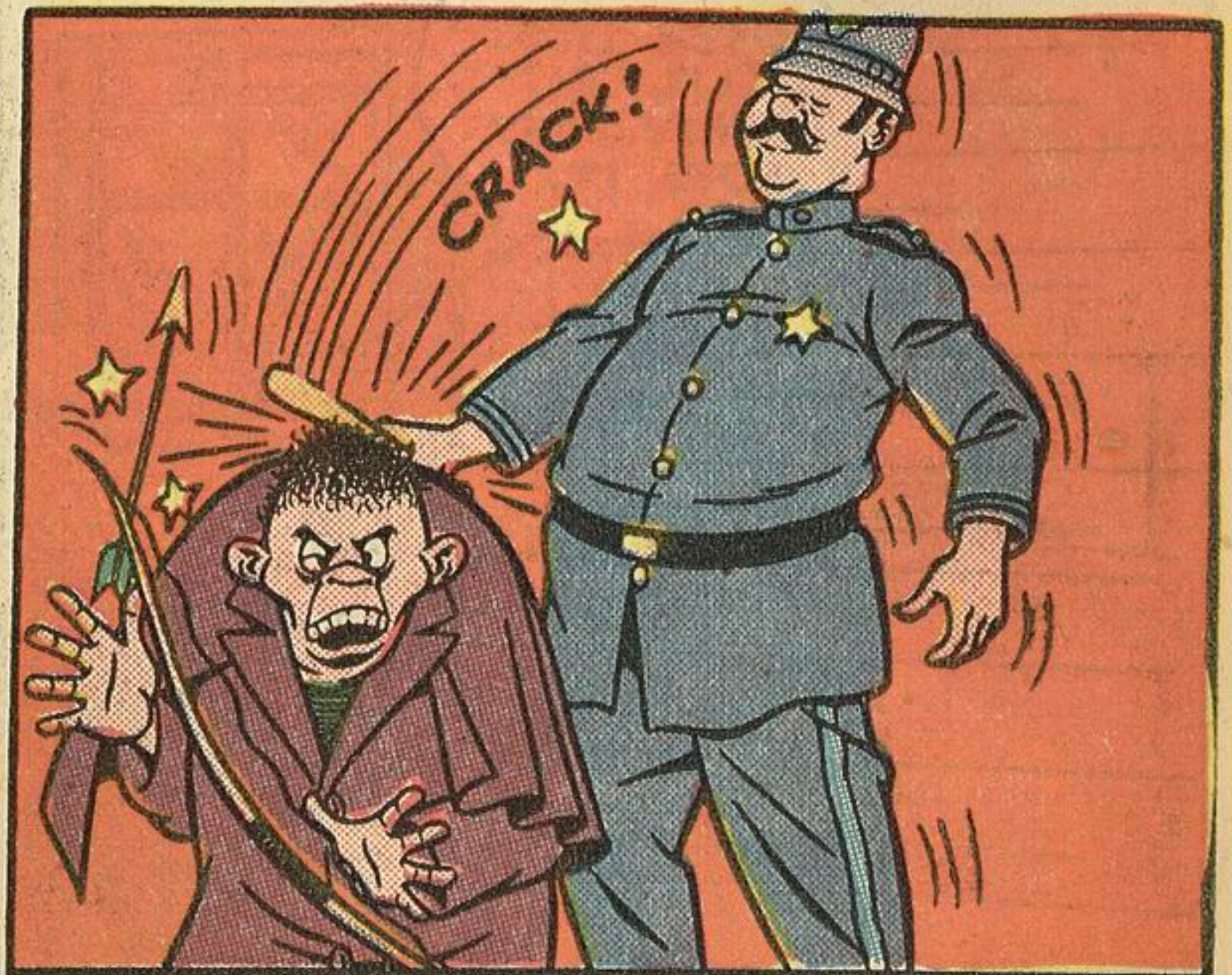
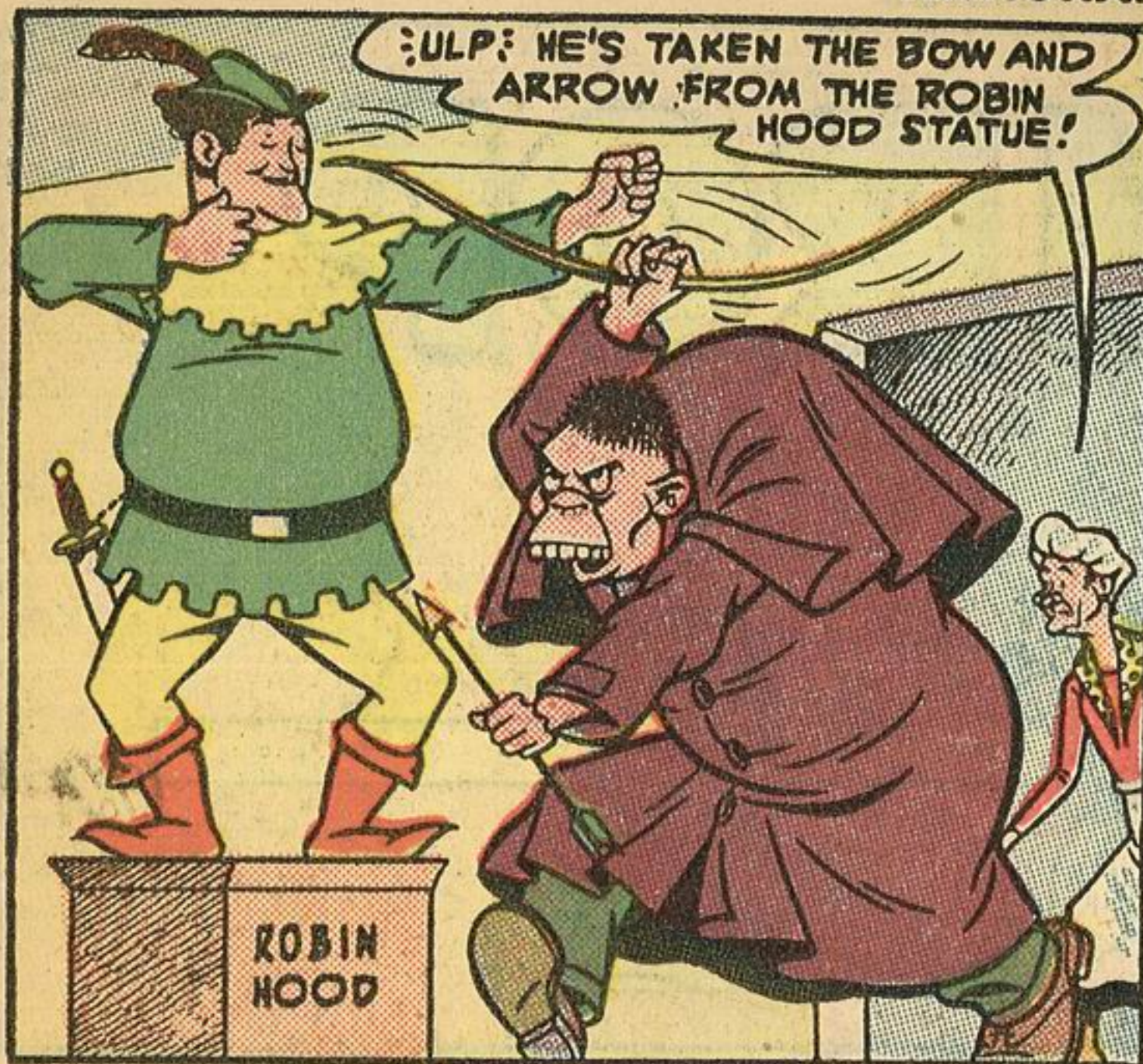
EXIT



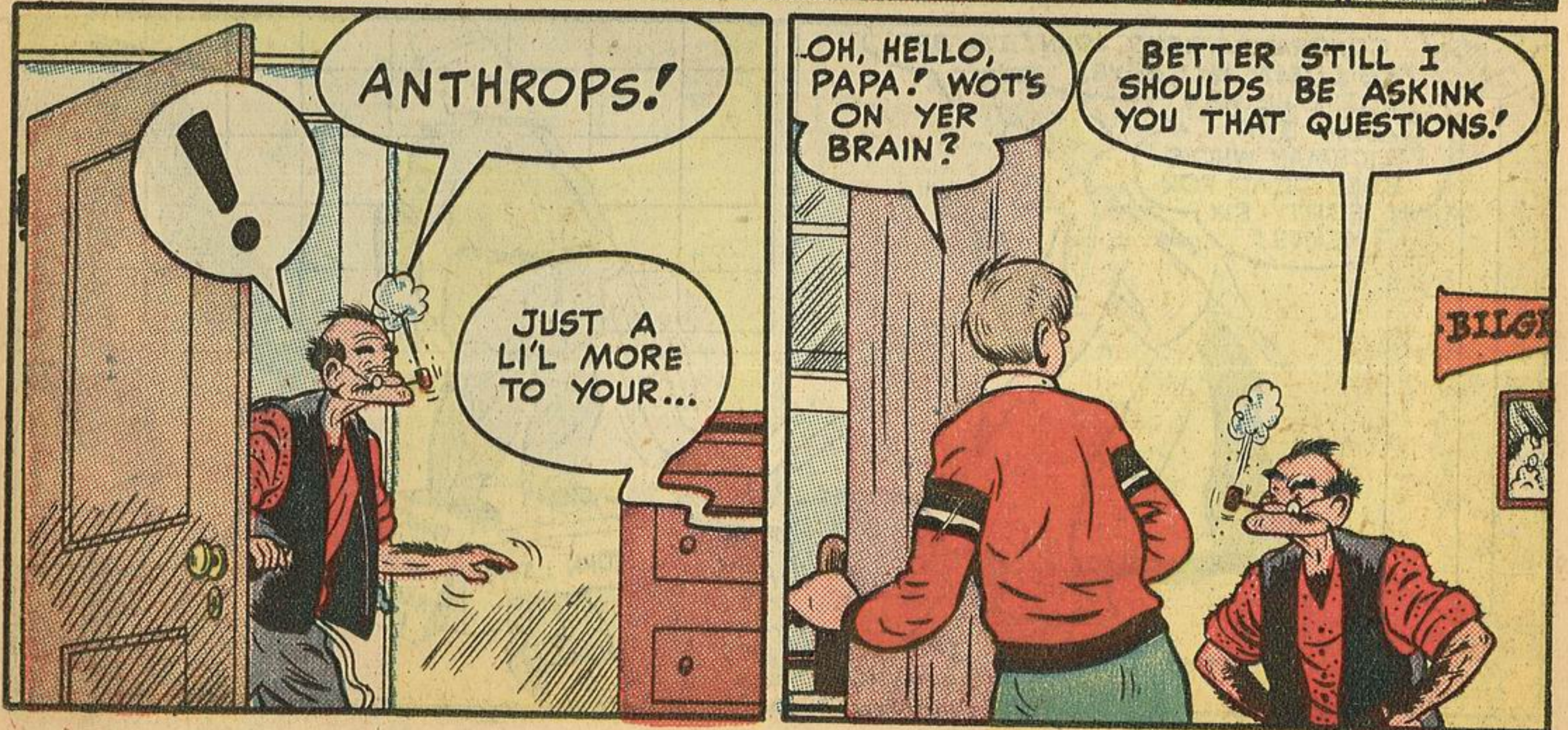
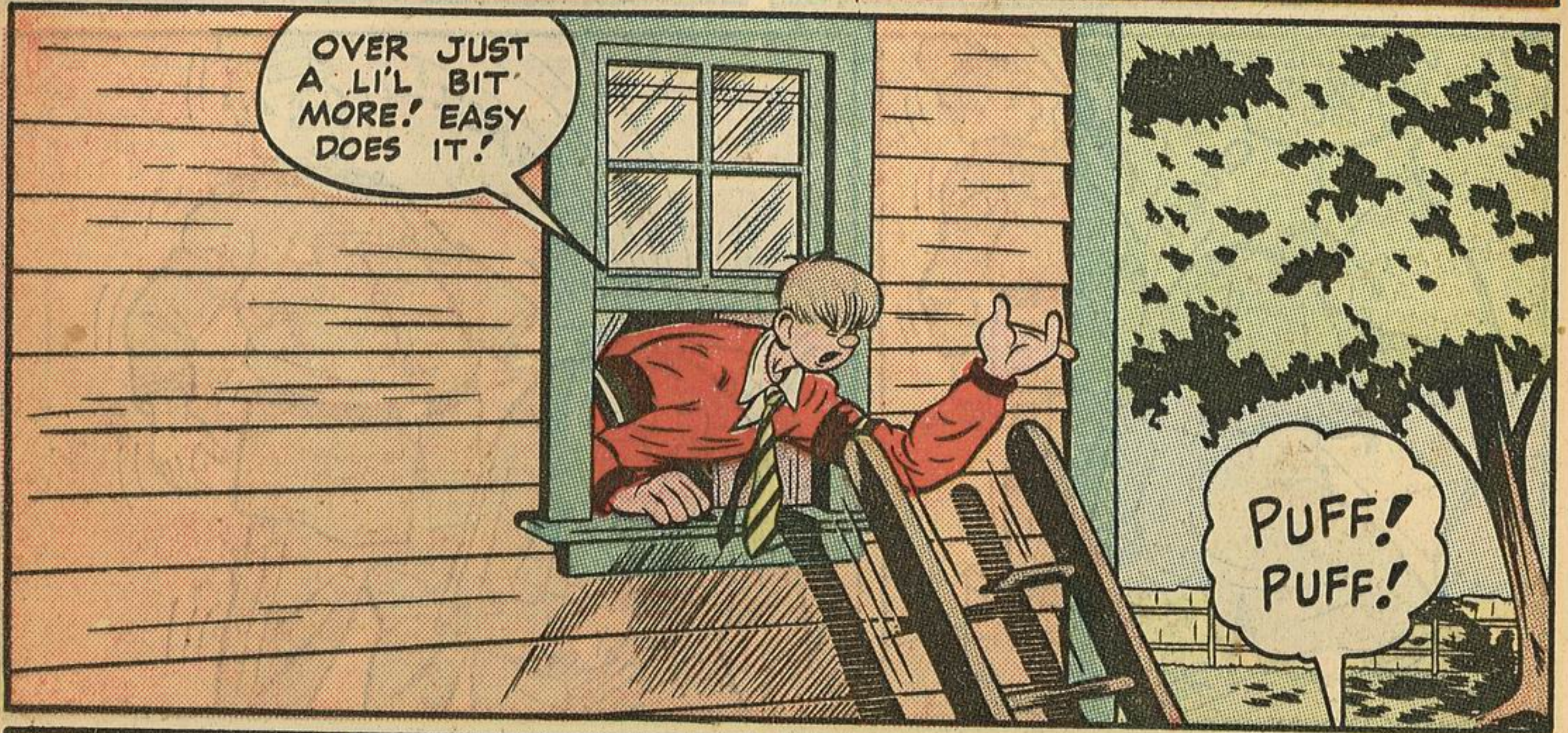


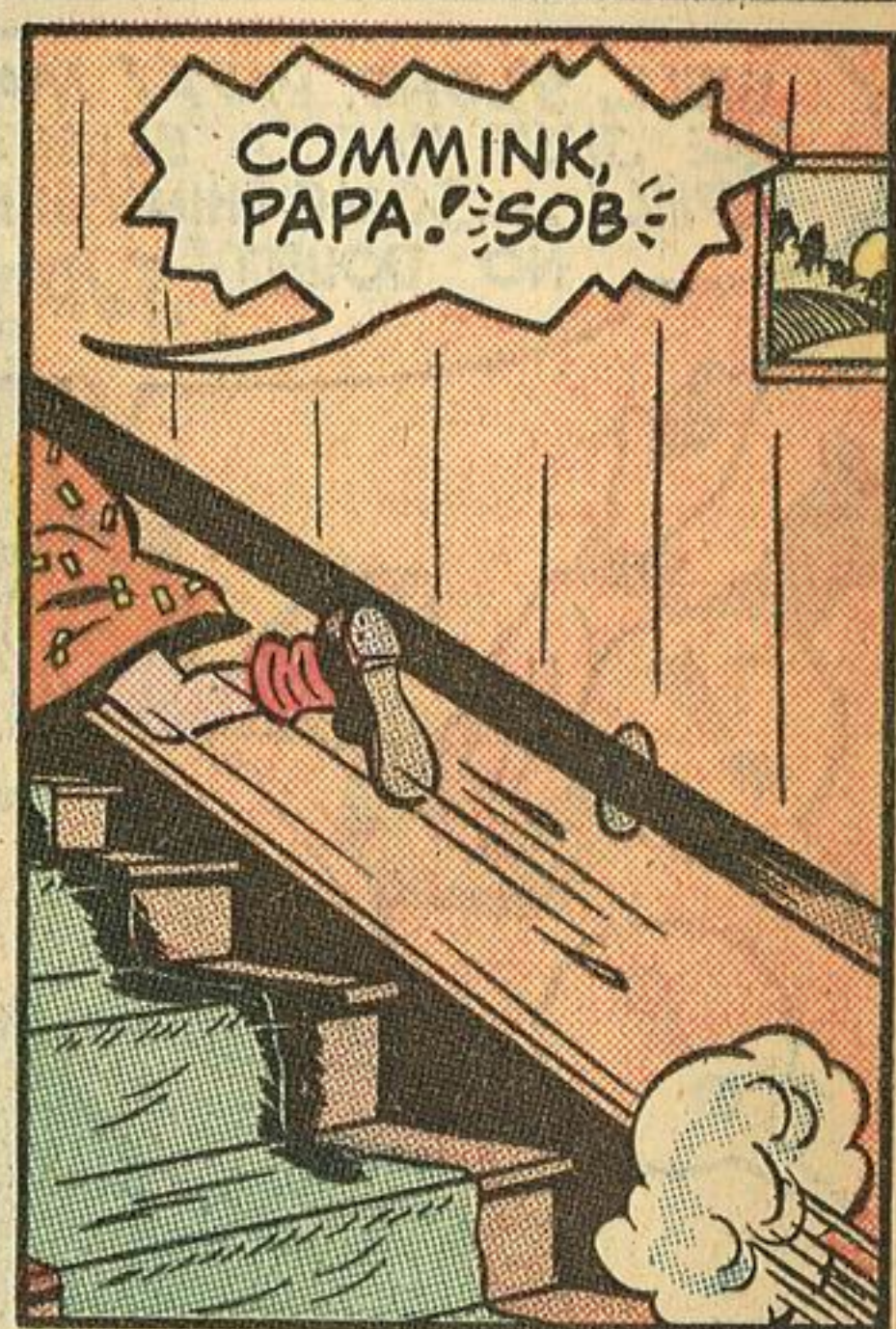
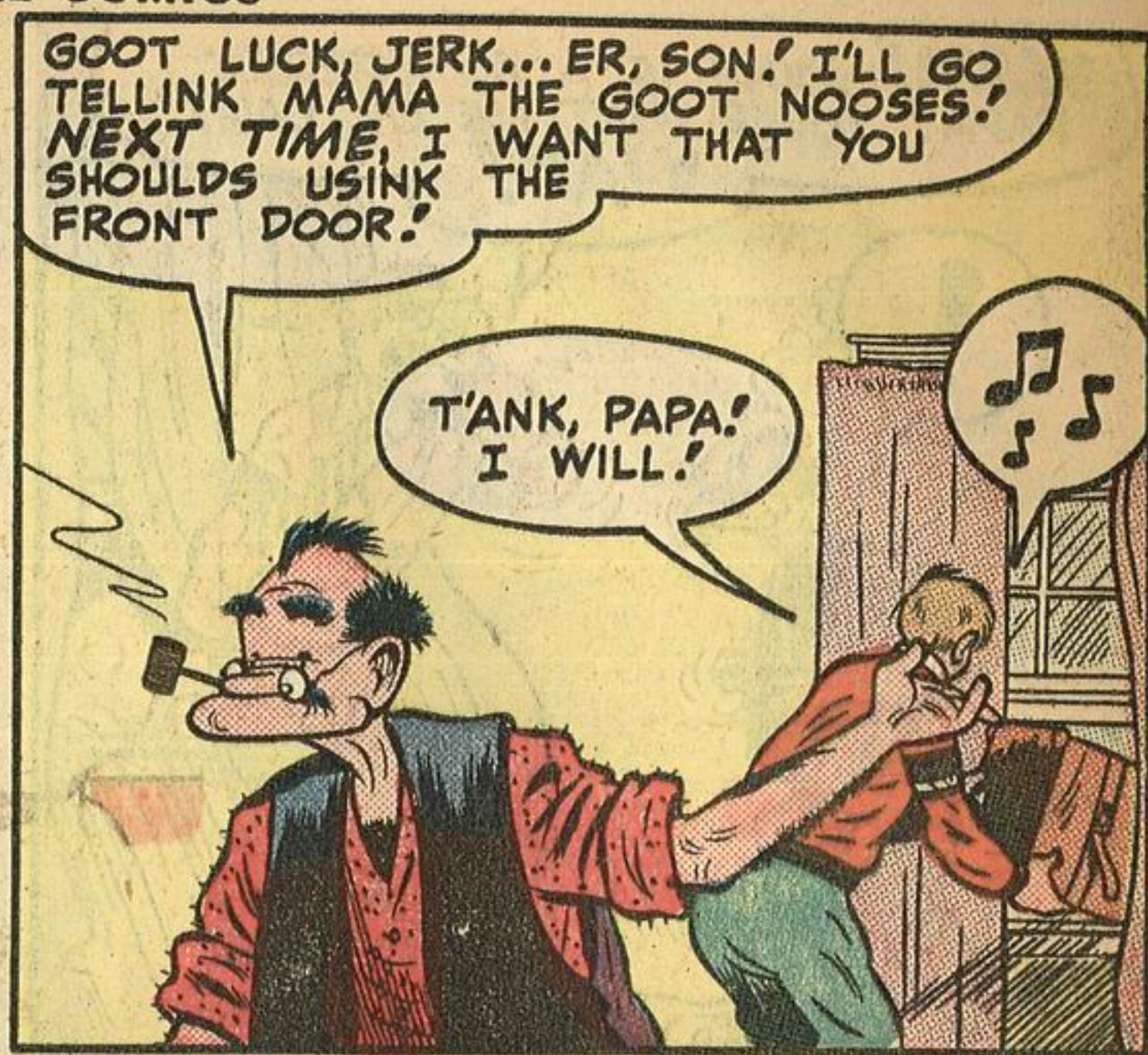
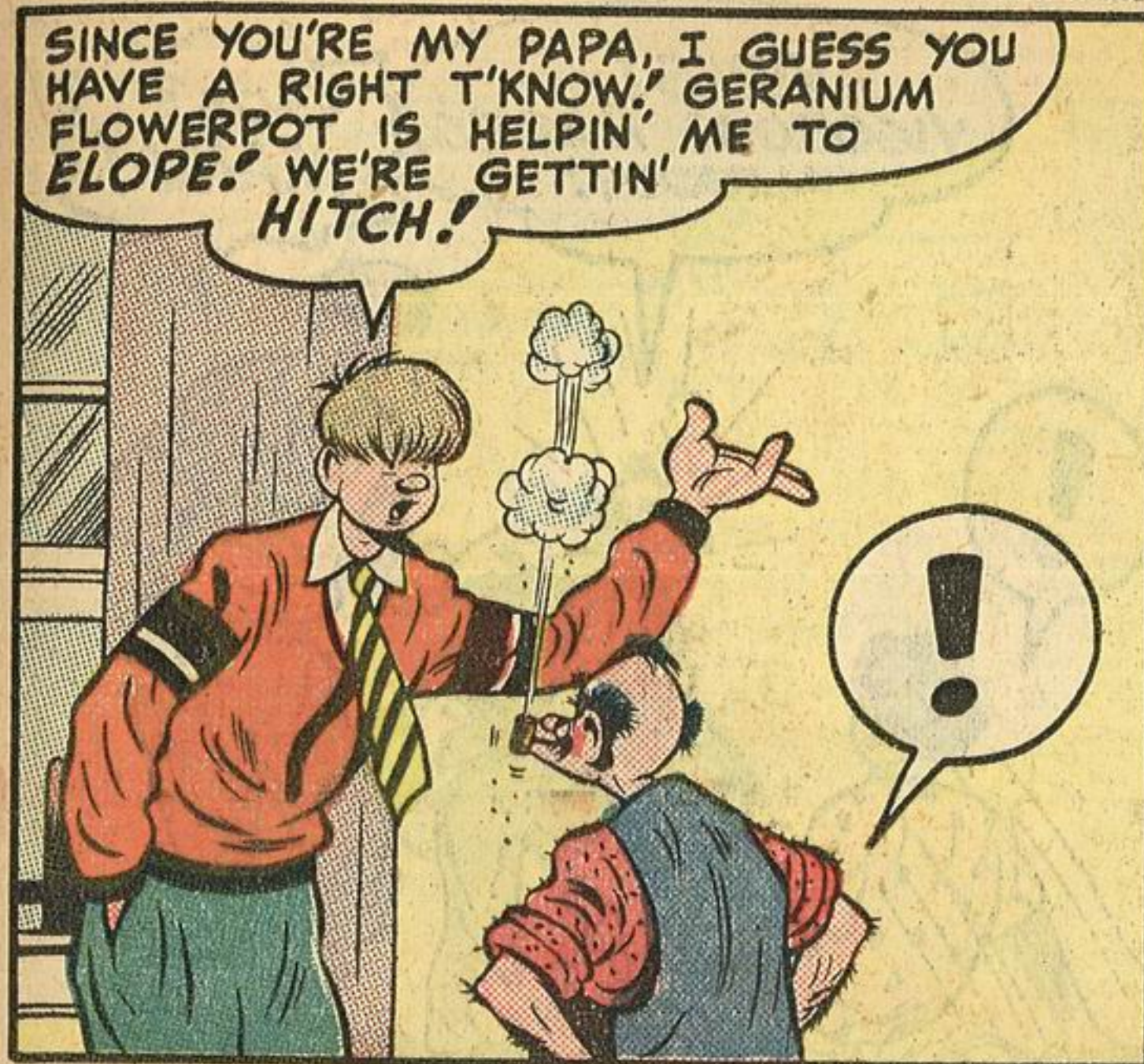


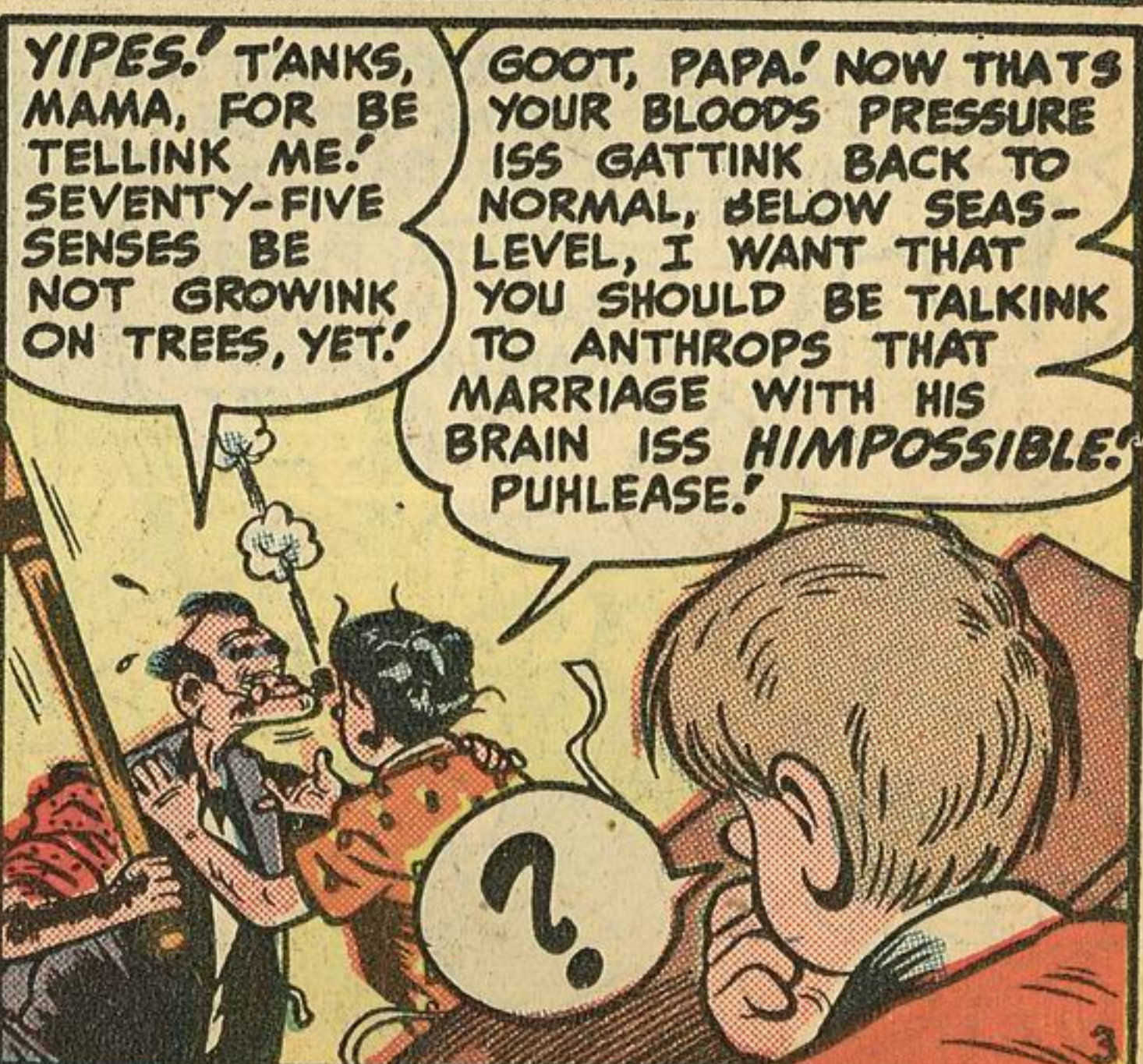
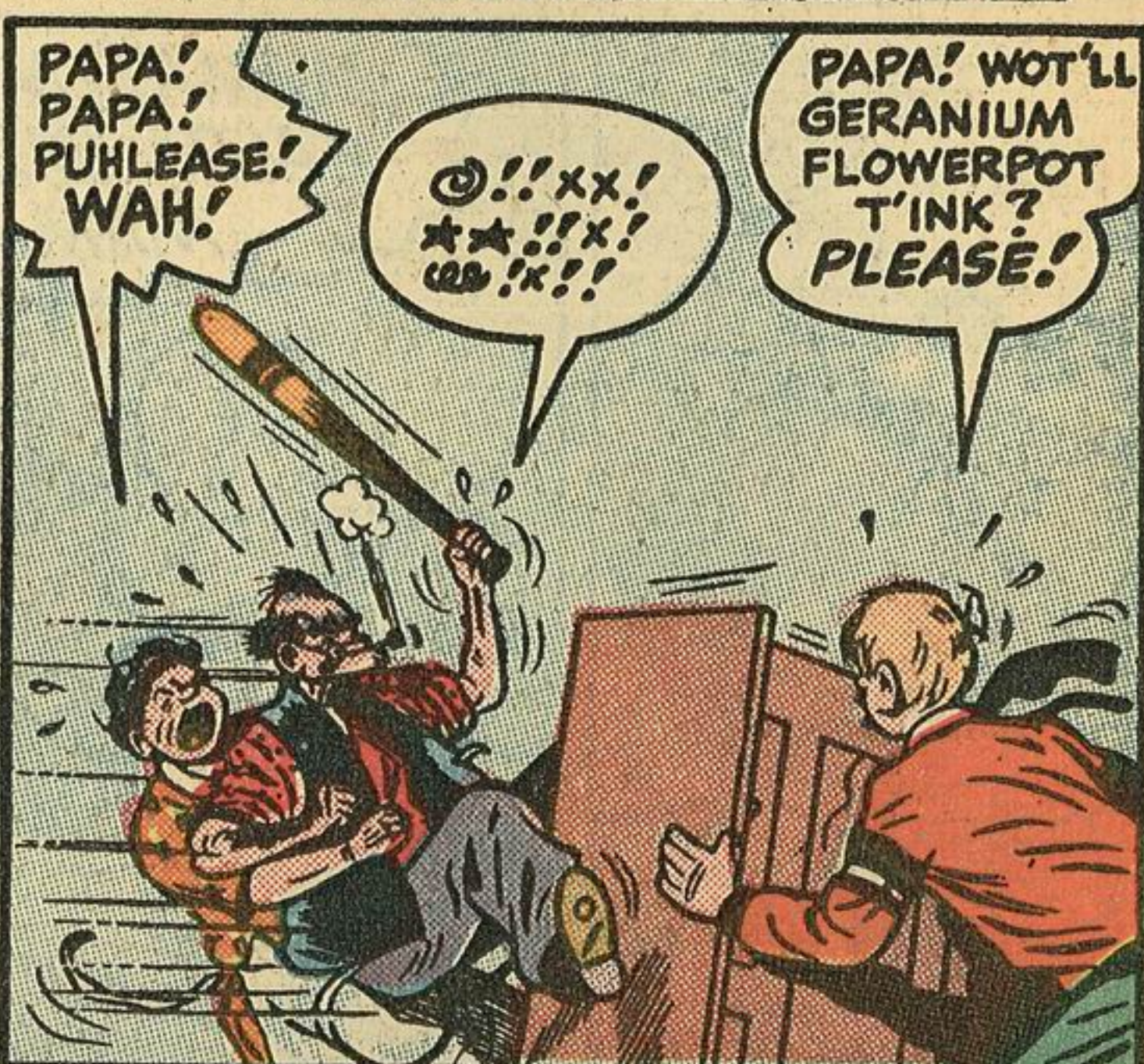
NATIONAL COMICS



ANTHROP







ANTHROPS, MY BELOVED, I WANT THAT YOU SHOULDSS LISSSEN TO PAPA MAKE WITH THE SPARKS ABOUT GATTINK HITCHED. SERIOUS- LIKE, OF COURSE.

NATCH, MAMA. NATCH.

OKAY, PAPA. START MAKIN' WITH THE SPARKS TALK, BUT DON'T TAKE ALL DAY. GERANIUM DON'T LIKE TO BE KEPT WAITING.

ANTHROPS, M'BOY, I LIKE YOU TO BE GATTINK HOOKED...ER...MARRIED SOMESDAY BUT NOTS NOW-- BECAUSE YOU HAVEN'T BE GOTTINK A JOB, NO BRAINS, AH--ER--NO MONEYS TO BE SUPPORTINK A TOMATOES YET.

PAPA, OL' SOCK, I'LL LET YOUSE IN ON A LI'L SECRET. I DON'T NEED A JOB OR MONEY. AS FOR BRAINS, I CAN GET ALONG WITHOUT 'EM, I ALLUS SAY.

LI'L GERANIUM FLOWERPOT AND ME ARE GONNA BE LIKE YOU AN' MAMA, PAPA-- LIVE ON LOVE. AH, LOVE. BEE-YOU-TEE-FUL LOVE. VIOLETS ARE RED, ROSES ARE... BLAH. BLAH.--

WAH! PAPA, SOB-- CALL DOCTOR BOTCHAGALOO. OUR D-DARLIN'S GAT CRACKERS IN HISS NOGGINS! WAH!

GULP!

@!!*!*xx! LOVE, MINE FOOTSS! NERTS! A JOB AND CABBAGES YOU MUST BE HAVINK TO LIVE ON. HOW COME YET YOU BE THINKINK YOUR MAMA AN' OL' MAN ISS BE LIVINK ALL THESE YEARS? I'M ASKINK.

WAH!

WELL, FLAP ME BELL BOTTOM EARS. I THOUGHT ALL ALONG WE WUZ LIVING ON MAMA'S LOVE. AN' TO THINK ALL THESE YEARS I THOUGHT YOU WENT TO WORK JUST TO KILL TIME AN' PASS THE DAY AWAY, PAPA. I'M GLAD YOU TIPPED ME OFF, PAPA.

I'LL TELL GERANIUM TO GO OUT AN' GET A JOB RIGHT AWAY!

ANTHROPS, I'M SORRY TO BE DISILLUSIONINK THE PIGEONS IN YOUR COCONERTS, BUT IT IS BEINK THE MAN WHO SLAYER... ER, WORKS AND NOTS THE WOMAN.

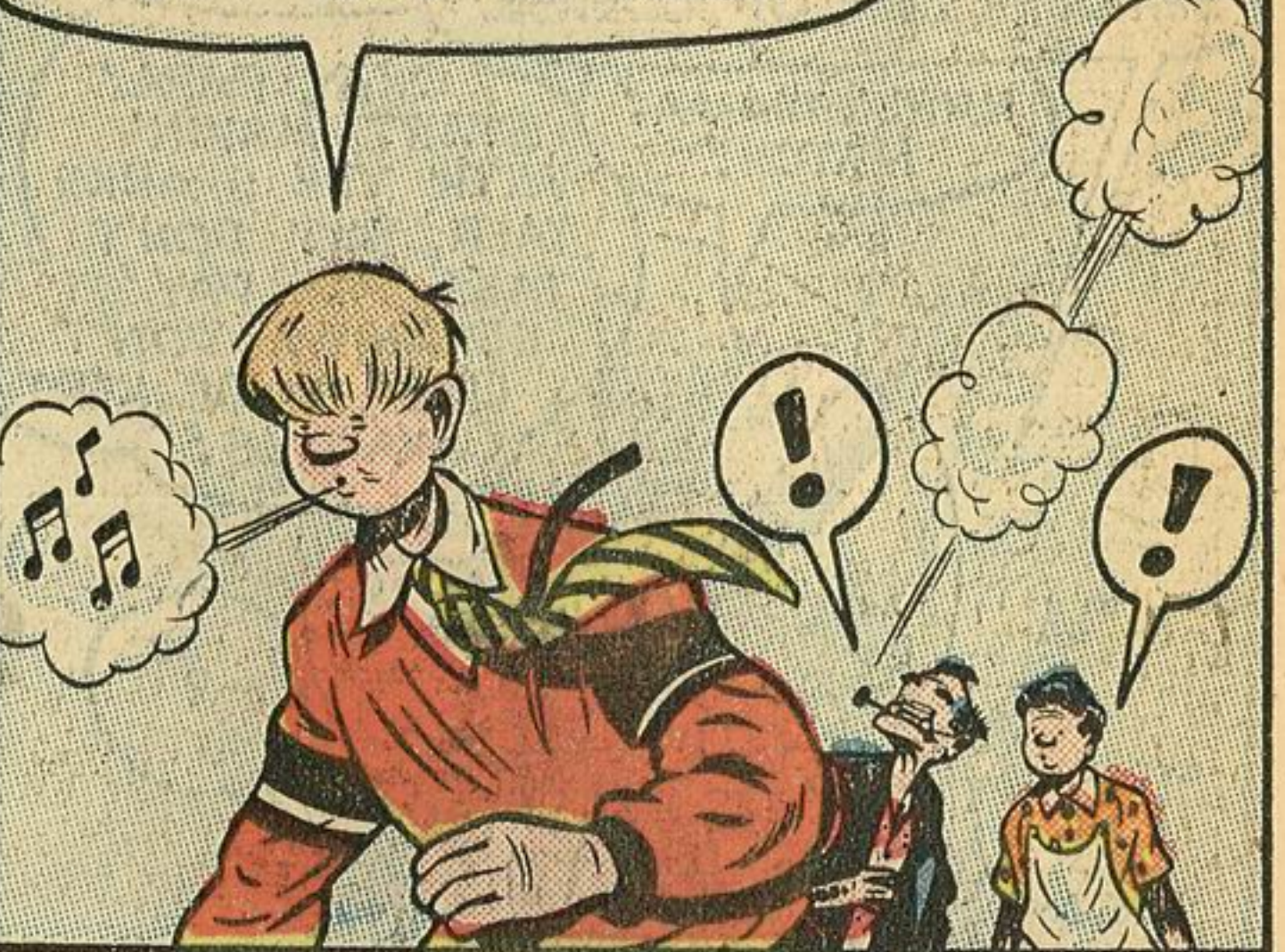
THAT'S BE RIGHT, PIGEON! THE HUZBOND BE DOINK THE DIRTYYS WORK!

JEEPERS! WOT A HORRIBLE PRICE TO PAY FOR MATRIMONY!

SNIFF!

♪

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, FOLKS! I'M NO DOPE! I'M GOIN' OUT TO GET SOME CABBAGE SO'S I WON'T HAVE TO WORK!



RELAX, GERANIUM! I'LL BE BACK SHORTLY TO ELOPE AS SCHEDULED!

!

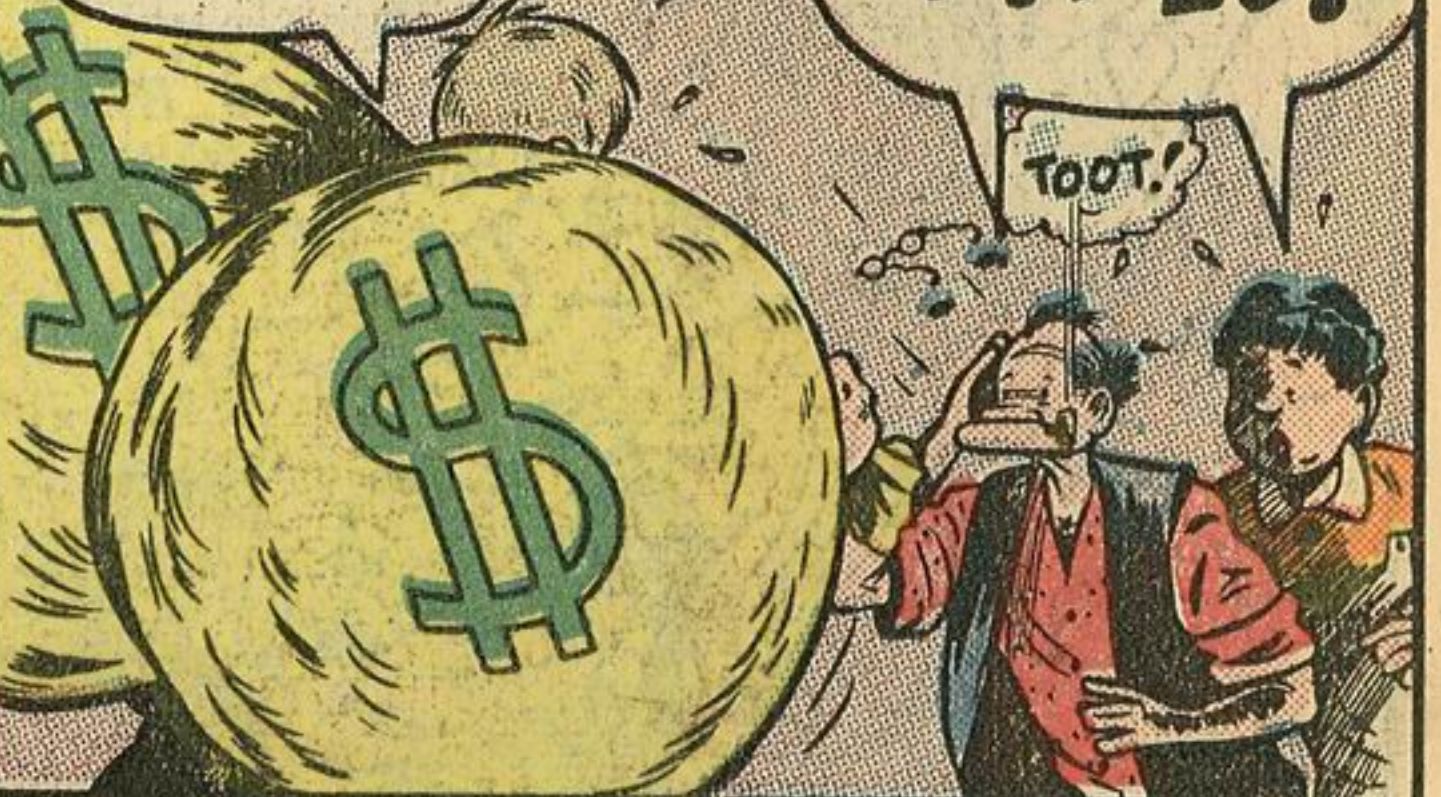


3 HOURS LATER...

WELL, FOLKS, HERE I AM WITH THE CABBAGE! TWO BAGS OF IT, TOO! NOT BAD, EH? NOW I CAN GET HITCHED TO LOVE AND LOAF!

YIPES!

TOOT!



N-N-NOW, ANTHROPS! BE COLLECTINK YOUR CENTS CALM LIKE AN BE TELLINK MAMA AN' P-PAPA HOW YOU BE GATTINK ALL THAT NICE GREEN LETTUCE!

SURE!

!

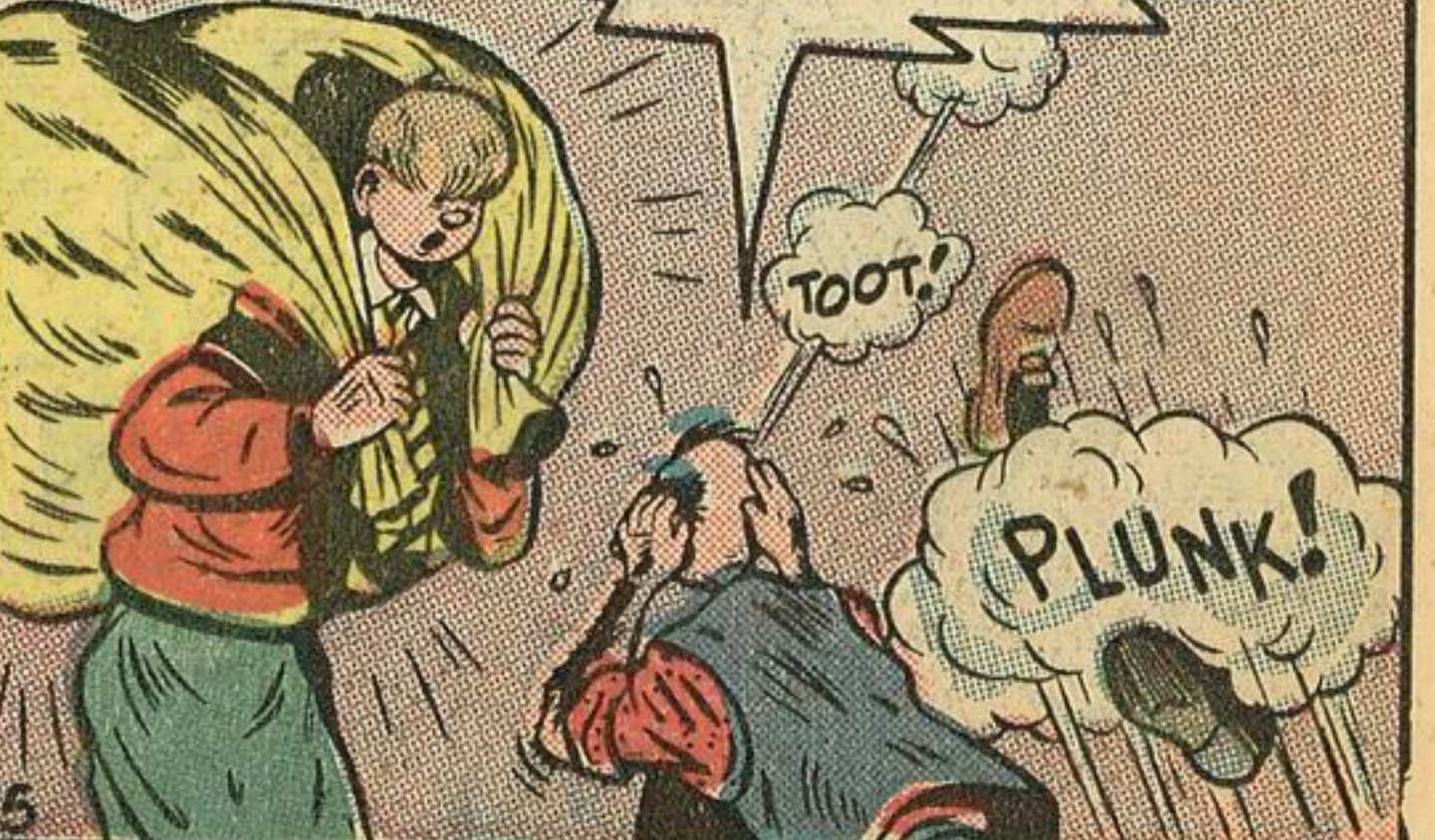


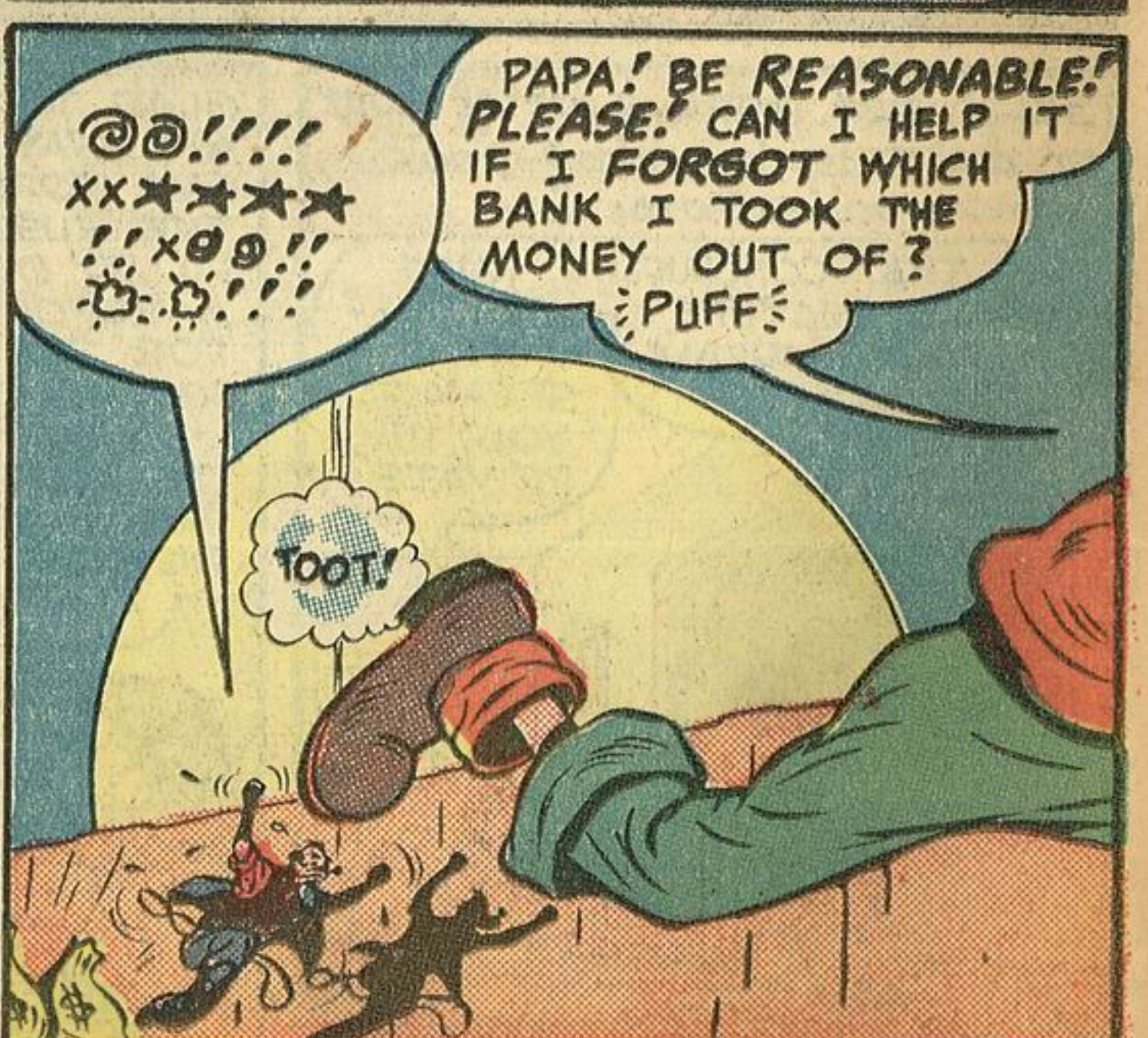
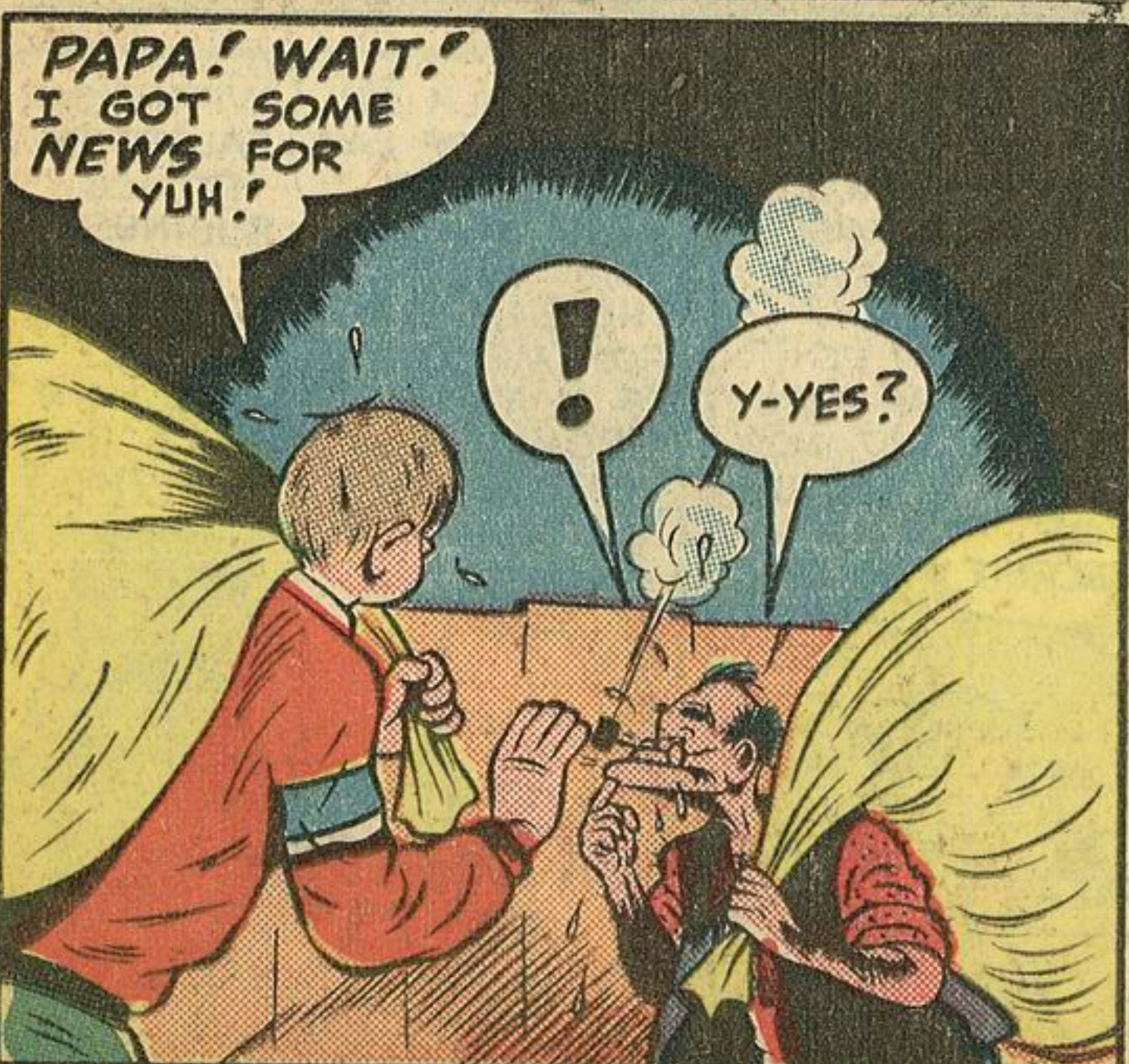
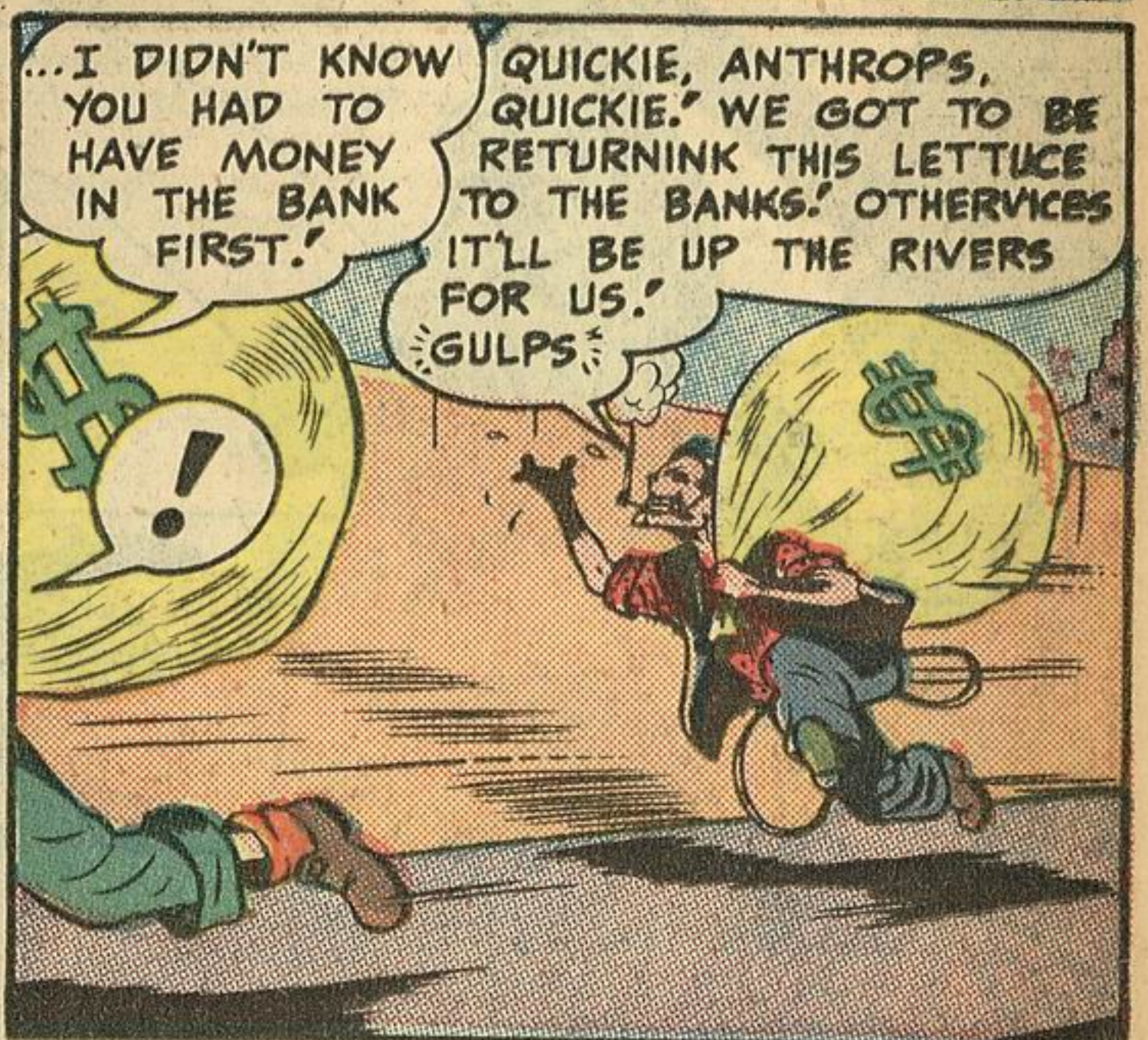
OUT OF A BANK!

YIPES! A BANKS ROBBERS! A JESSE JAMES ALRADDY!

TOOT!

PLUNK!





SALLY O'NEIL



The lady keeps the
PEACE!
Mystery and danger
are the everyday
companions of Sally
O'Neil, ace policewoman!

Sally has done a brief tour
of duty in teaching rookie
policewomen...

AND THAT CONCLUDES
TODAY'S LECTURE
ON POLICE IDEALS,
LADIES! CLASS
DISMISSED!

MISS
O'NEIL--
MAY I
SPEAK TO
YOU IN
PRIVATE?



GLAD TO HELP
ANY WAY I
CAN, DORIS!
I'VE JUST
FILLED OUT
A REPORT
FOR THE
COMMISSIONER
-- SAYING YOU'RE
THE MOST
PROMISING OF
THE NEW RECRUIT
CLASS!

PROMISING
-- YES! I
HAVE MADE
A PROMISE
TO UPHOLD
THE LAW!
BUT IT
WAS PHONY,
AND NOW
I REALIZE
WHAT A
MISTAKE
I ALMOST
MADE!



YOUR TALK ON
IDEALS OF LAW
AND ORDER
MADE ME GET
SOME SENSE!
THE BEST THING
FOR ME TO DO
IS WITHDRAW
FROM THE
SERVICE!

WITH YOUR
TALENT FOR
POLICE
BUSINESS?
NOT A
CHANCE,
DORIS!
COME ON,
WHAT'S BACK
OF ALL THIS?



MY FATHER WAS A PROFESSIONAL CRIMINAL -- DIED RESISTING ARREST! HIS PALS REARED ME, GOT ME FAKE RECOMMENDATIONS AND MANAGED MY APPOINTMENT TO THE POLICE RECRUIT SCHOOL!

IF THIS IS ON THE LEVEL, WHY DID THEY DO SUCH A THING?

THEY WANT A SPY ON THE DEPARTMENT! THAT WAS TO BE MY JOB! BUT I'VE LEARNED WHAT'S REALLY RIGHT AND JUST -- SO LET ME RESIGN!

DORIS, YOU'VE JUST PROVED THAT YOU **BELONG** IN THE ACTIVE BATTLE FOR LAW AND ORDER!



IF BAX THORBIN KNEW I'D BREATHED A WORD OF THIS, HE'D CALL ME A RAT! I WOULDN'T LIVE OUT THE DAY!

BAX THORBIN, HUH? I KNOW THAT NAME -- FROM THE ROGUE'S GALLERY! GO HOME AND FORGET ALL THIS! I'LL HANDLE IT!

At the headquarters of Bax Thorbin, most successful and elusive of criminal chiefs...

I WIN ANOTHER JACKPOT, BOYS! MAYBE YOU'D BETTER GO AND KNOCK OVER A COUPLA SAFES TO PAY YOUR GAMBLING DEBTS!

HEY, BAX! A DAME SPORTING A POLICE BADGE IS HEADED THIS WAY!



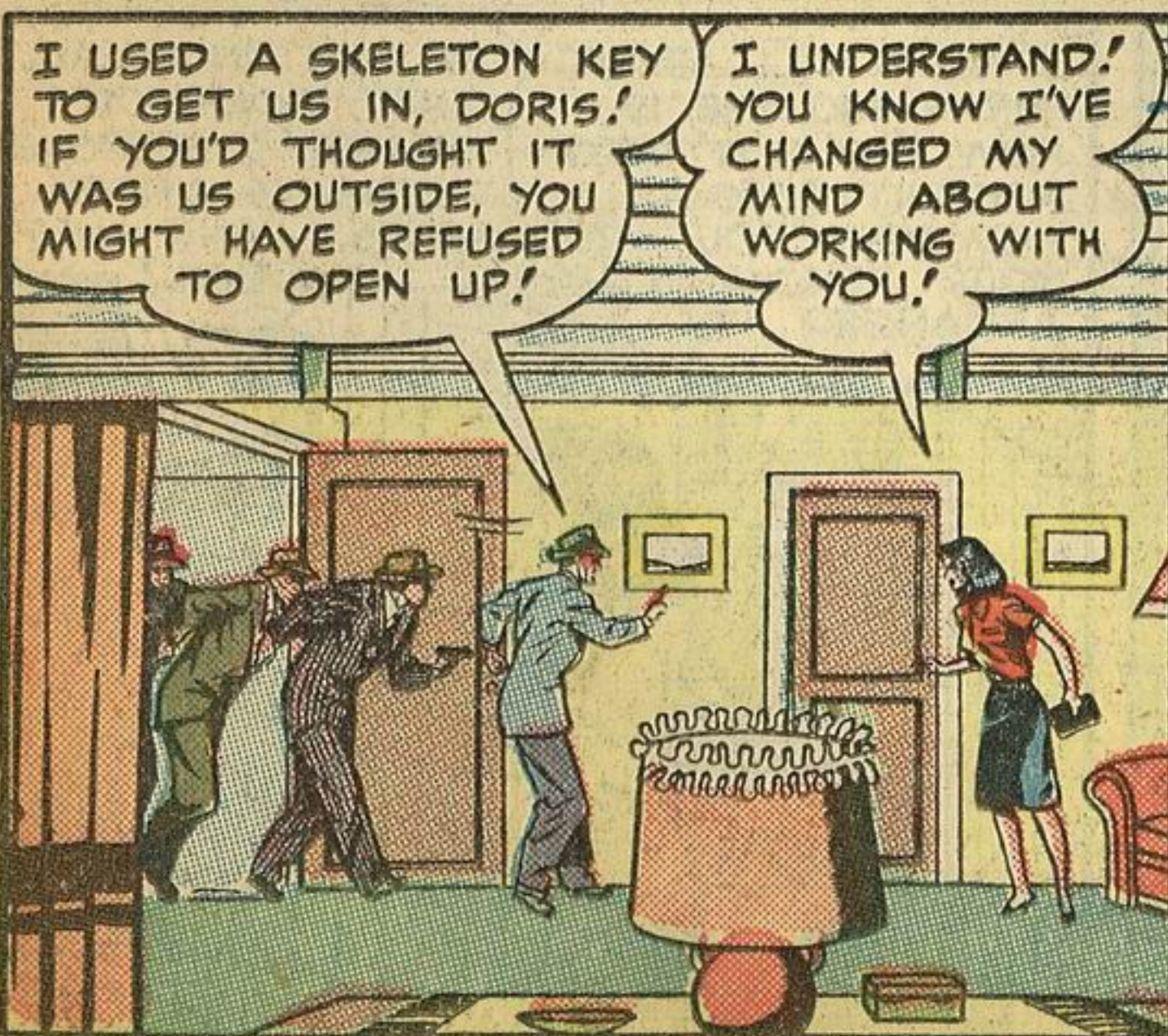
A LADY OF THE LAW --- COMING TO CALL ON ME? PLEASE STOP INSIDE, MISS -- MISS --

POLICEWOMAN O'NEIL, AND I'LL TALK RIGHT HERE! IT'S ABOUT SOMEONE WE BOTH KNOW NAMED **DORIS!**

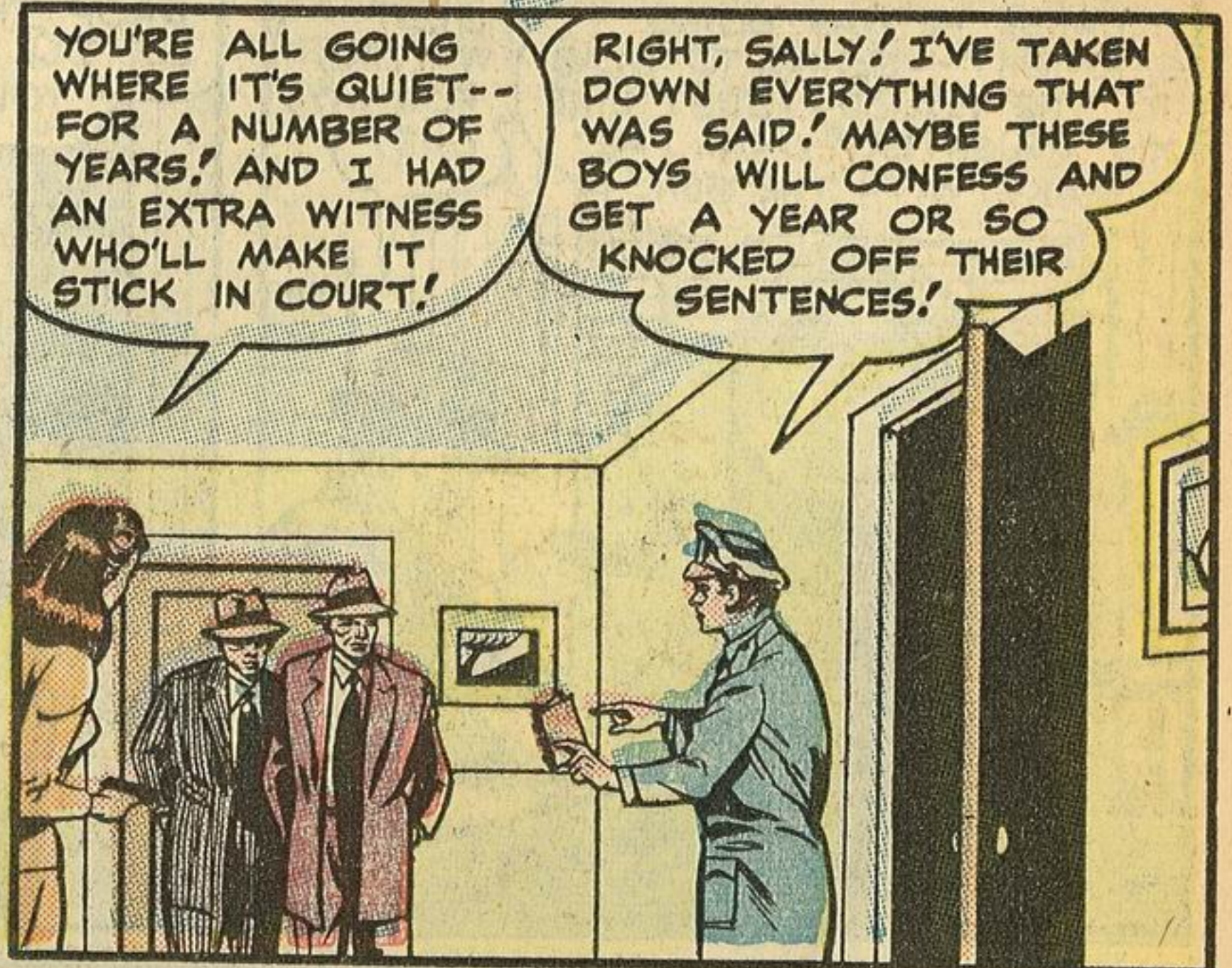
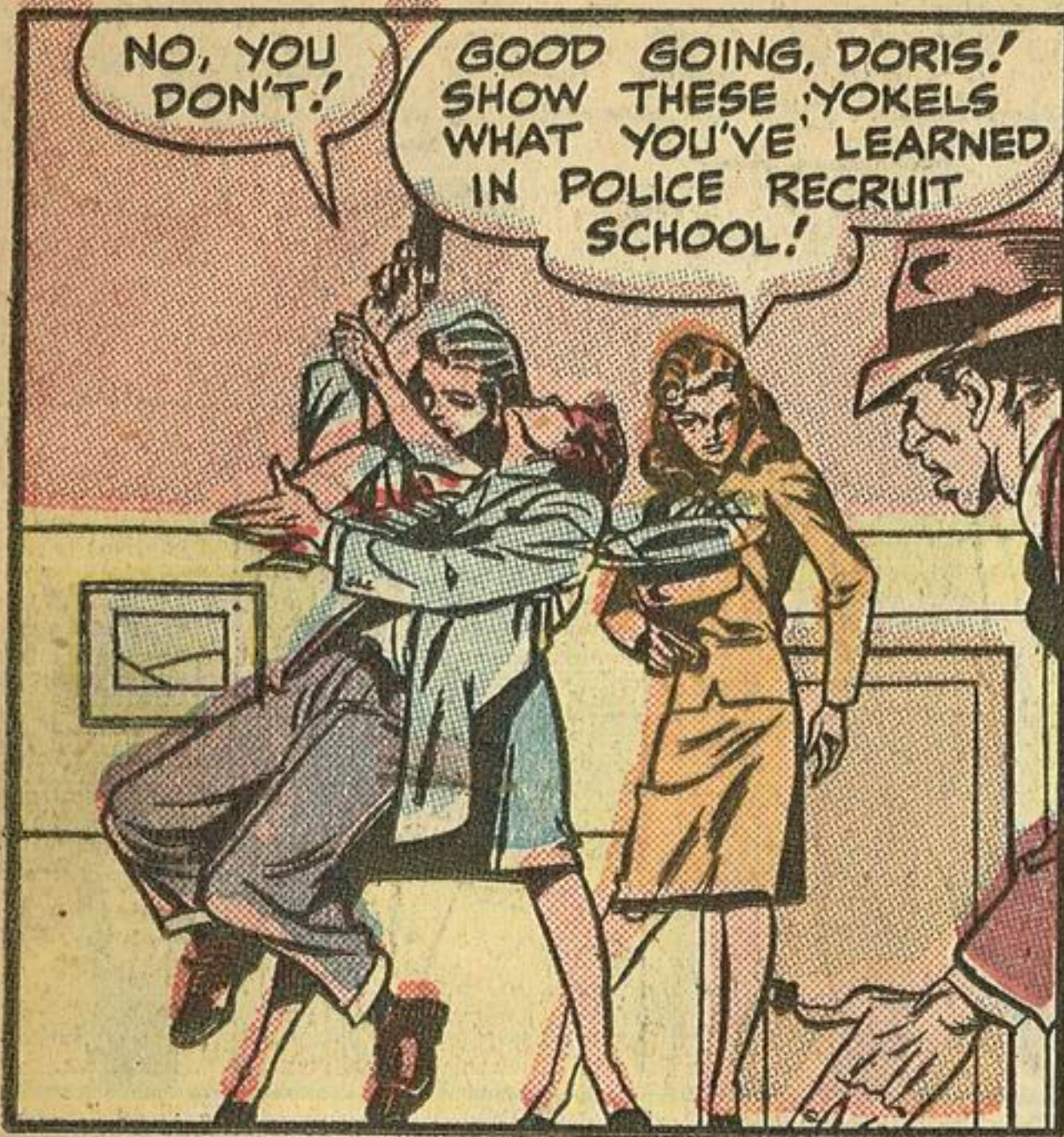
I KNOW ALL ABOUT HER -- WHO SHE IS, HOW SHE GOT INTO RECRUIT SCHOOL, AND WHY YOU AND YOUR HENCHMEN ARRANGED IT!

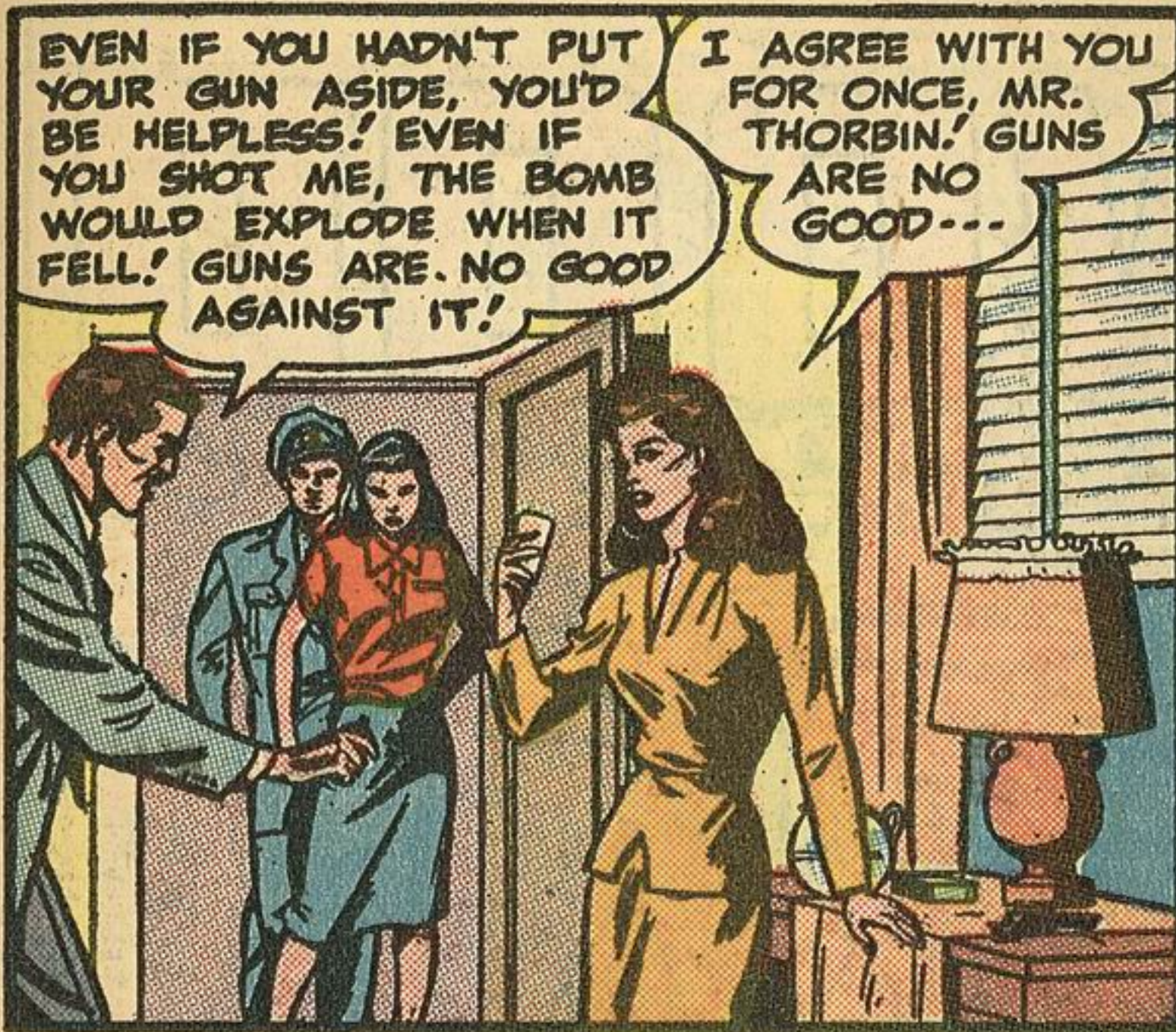
IF YOU KNOW ALL THAT, SOMEBODY TALKED! I SUPPOSE DORIS IS UNDER ARREST AND NEEDS BAIL!











Steve WOOD

THE FINGER OF SUSPICION....

pointed to Steve Wood as a **MURDERER!**

Only **HE** knew other-wise...and had to dodge the law to crack the case!

Another surprise story of the water-front detective!



GARDYCE IS MY NAME...J.J. GARDYCE, OF THE WATERFRONT IMPORTERS, INC.! I'M HERE WITH A **BLACKMAIL** CASE, MR. WOOD!

BLACKMAIL? THE DIRTIEST CRIME ON THE CALENDAR! WHO'S THE BLACKMAILER AND HOW QUICK CAN I GET MY HANDS ON HIM?

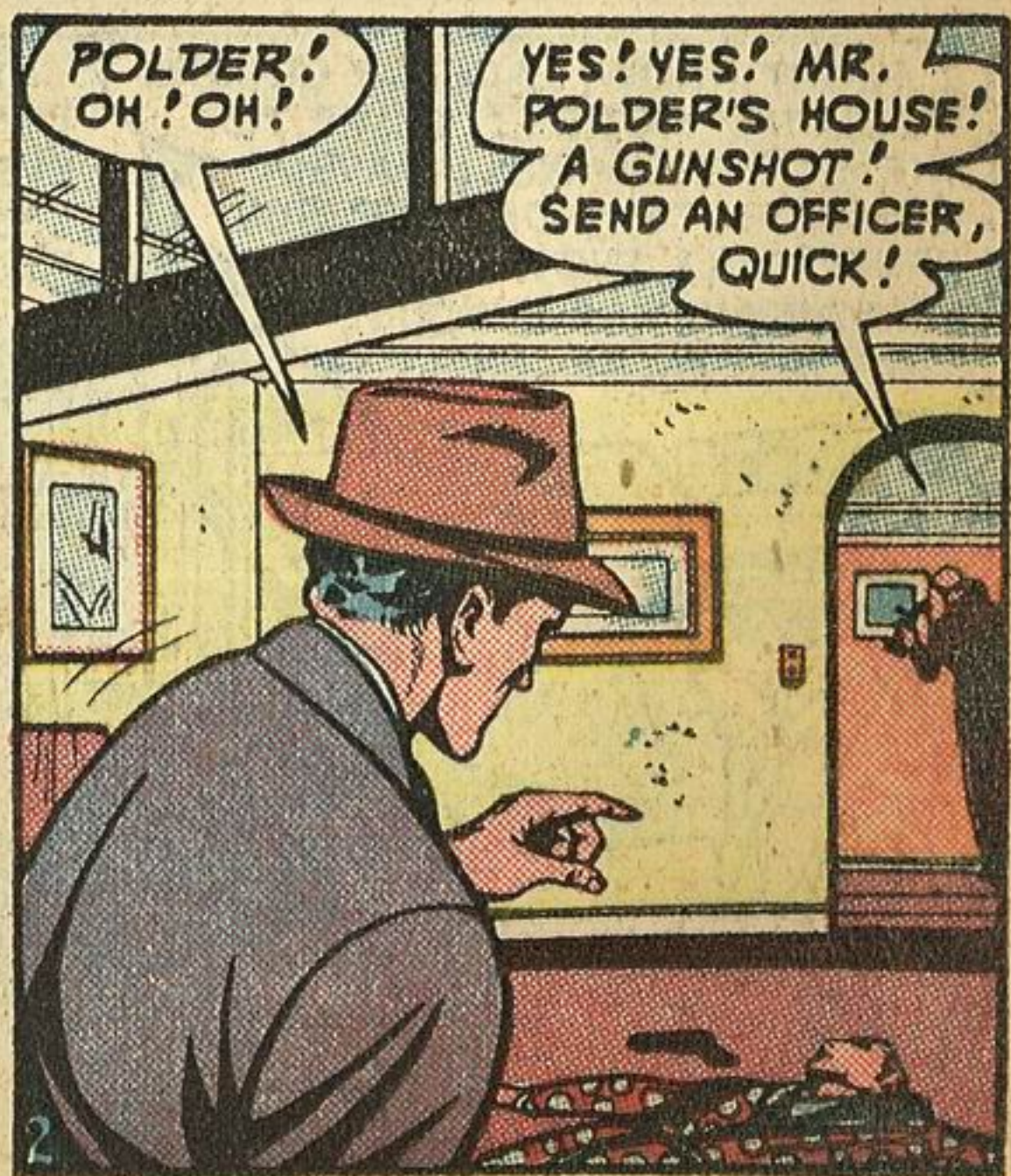
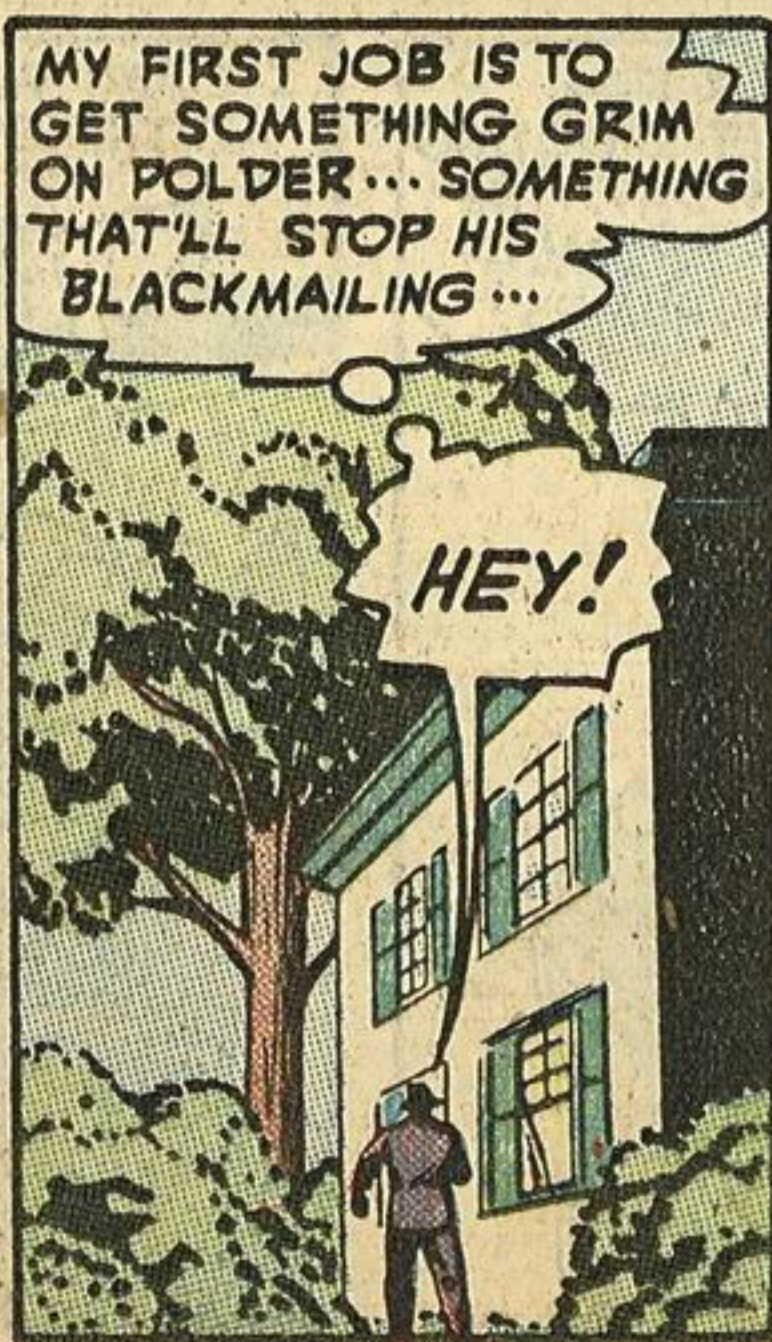
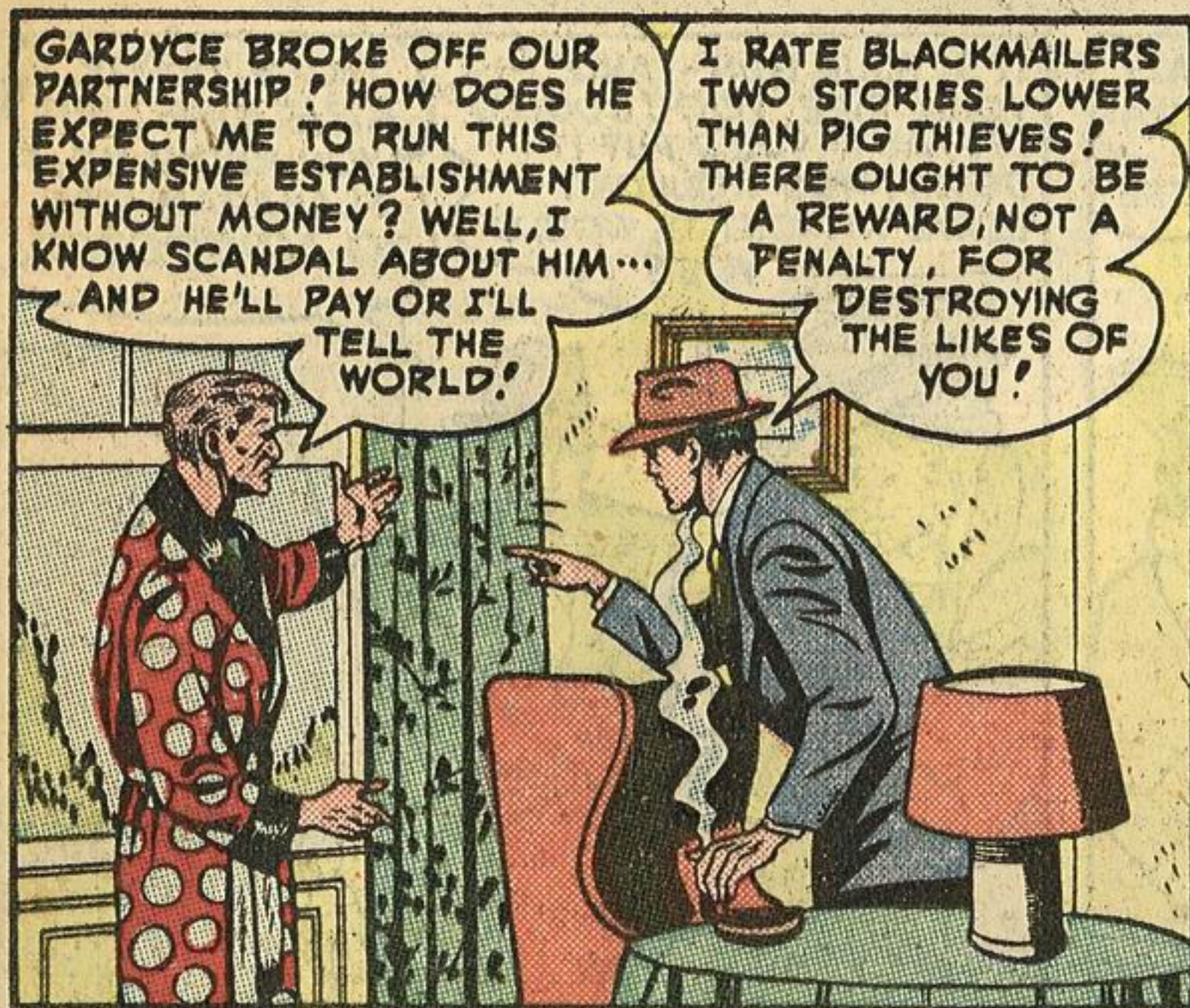
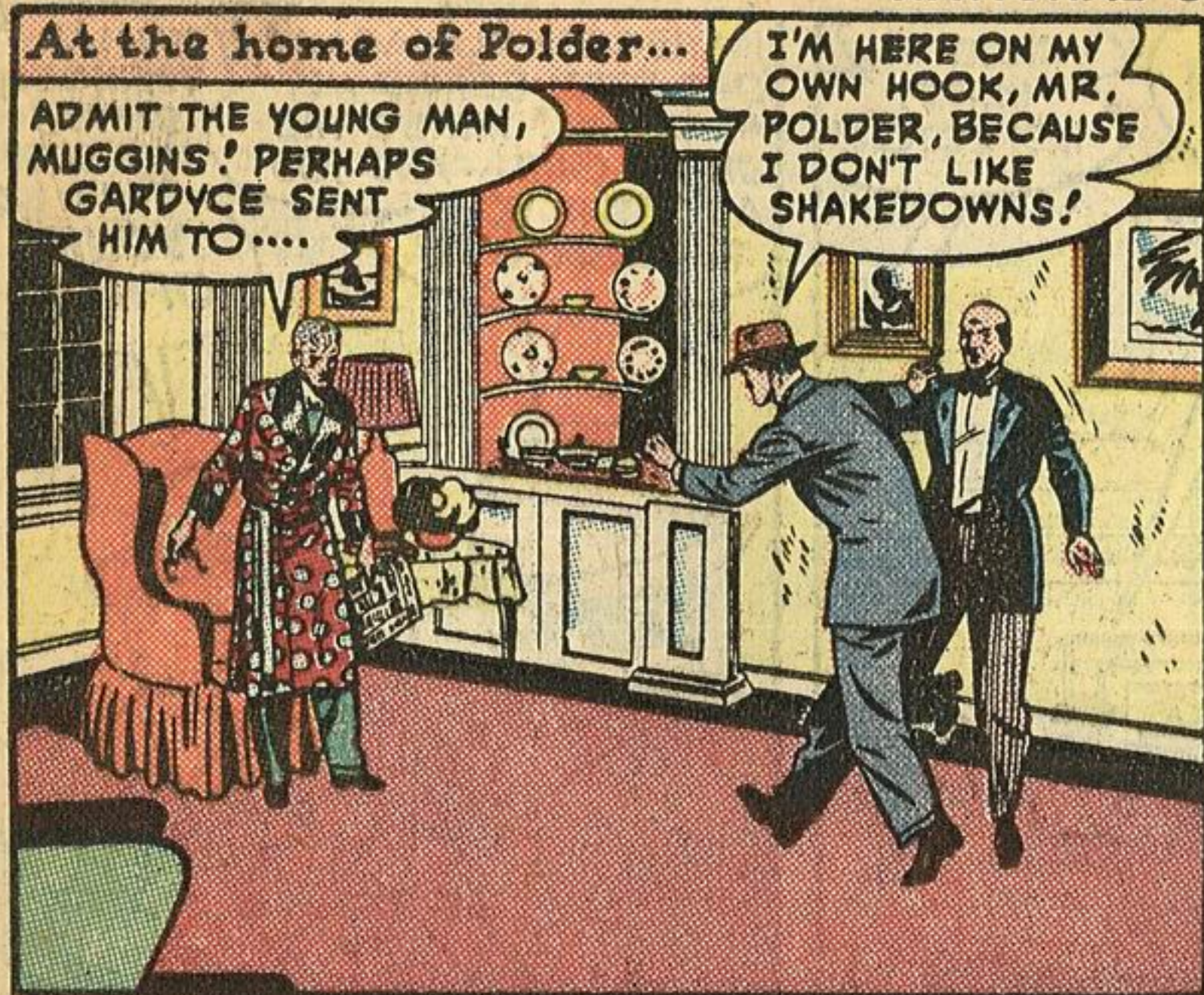
IT'S MY EX-PARTNER, POLDER! HE INSISTS I MUST PAY OFF TO KEEP HIM FROM TELLING SOMETHING ROTTEN I DID WHEN I WAS YOUNG... AND I WANT YOU TO REPRESENT ME IN DISCUSSING THE PRICE OF HIS SILENCE!

I TAKE NO PART IN A BLACKMAIL PAYOFF! I'LL SEE HIM AND HE'LL KEEP QUIET WITHOUT THAT!

I'M GOING OUT, SALLY, TO SEE A RAT NAMED POLDER! I'LL COME BACK WEARING HIS WISHBONE FOR A WATCH CHARM!

A DYNAMIC MAN, YOUR EMPLOYER! I HOPE HE ISN'T TOO DYNAMIC FOR MY PURPOSES!







SHOT DOWN LIKE A DOG...
HADN'T A CHANCE! BLACK-
MAILING'S BAD, BUT SNEAK
SNIPING'S WORSE!



AND THIS
IS THE GUN
THAT GOT
HIM! IT
CERTAINLY IS
FAMILIAR!

RIGHT IN
HERE,
INSPECTOR!



INSPECTOR FLANAGAN!
ONE STEP BEHIND ME,
AS USUAL! HERE'S THE
DEATH GUN... AND YOU
ACT AS IF YOU
RECOGNIZE IT!

HMM! I
THINK I DO,
STEVE!
I'VE SEEN
IT IN
YOUR
OFFICE!



IT WAS THIS MAN, INSPECTOR!
HE ACCUSED MR. POLDER...
SWARE TO PUT HIM OUT
OF BUSINESS! HE
CARRIED OUT HIS
THREAT!

THE GUY'S CRAZY,
FLANAGAN! I WAS
OUTSIDE THE
HOUSE WHEN THE
KILLING WAS
DONE!



IT'S YOUR GUN... AND
YOUR PIPE, TOO! COOLED
OFF, AS IF YOU'D PUT IT
DOWN! YOU WOULDN'T
LEAVE WITHOUT IT, WOULD
YOU?

THOSE THINGS
ARE MINE! BUT
YOU KNOW ME,
FLANAGAN... I'M
NO MURDERER!



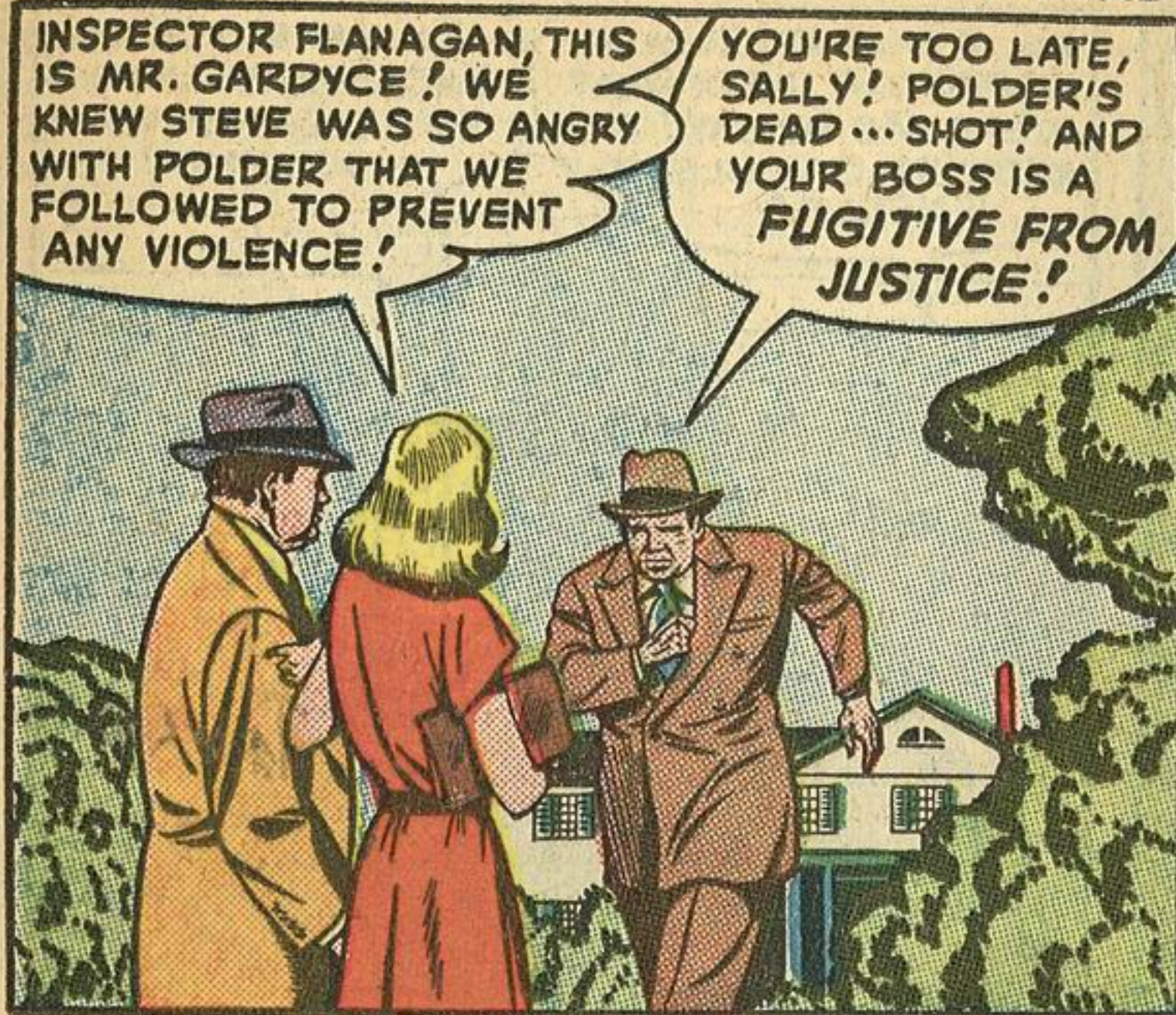
I MIGHT KNOW, LAD, BUT OTHERS
WOULDN'T AGREE! COME TO
THE STATION... WE'LL HAVE A
CHEMICAL TEST OF YOUR GUN
HAND! IT'LL SHOW ANY
POWDER FUMES IF YOU'VE
FIRED A GUN RECENTLY!

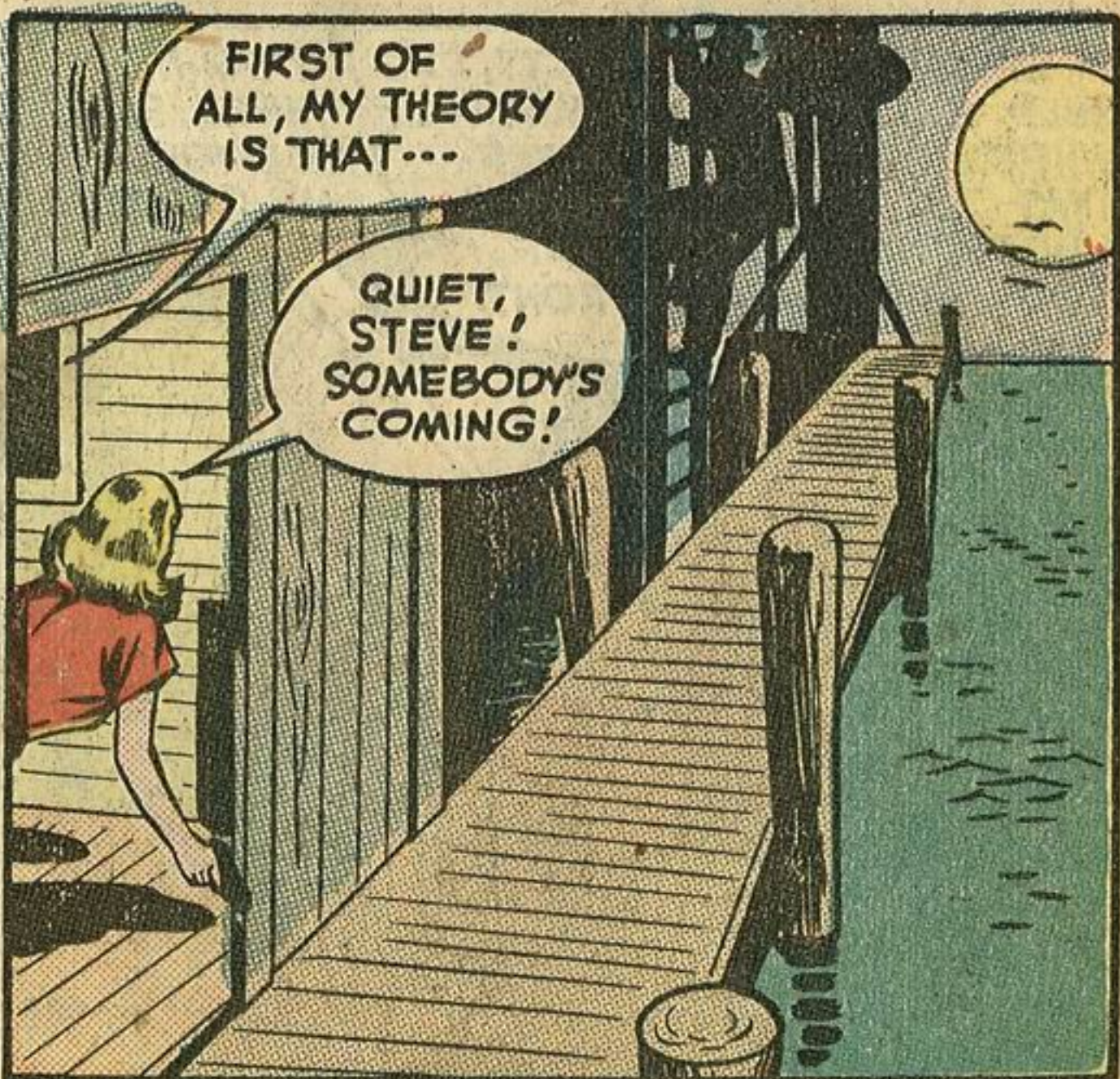
BUT I DO
TARGET SHOOTING
EVERY DAY! THE
TEST **WOULD**
SHOW FUMES!

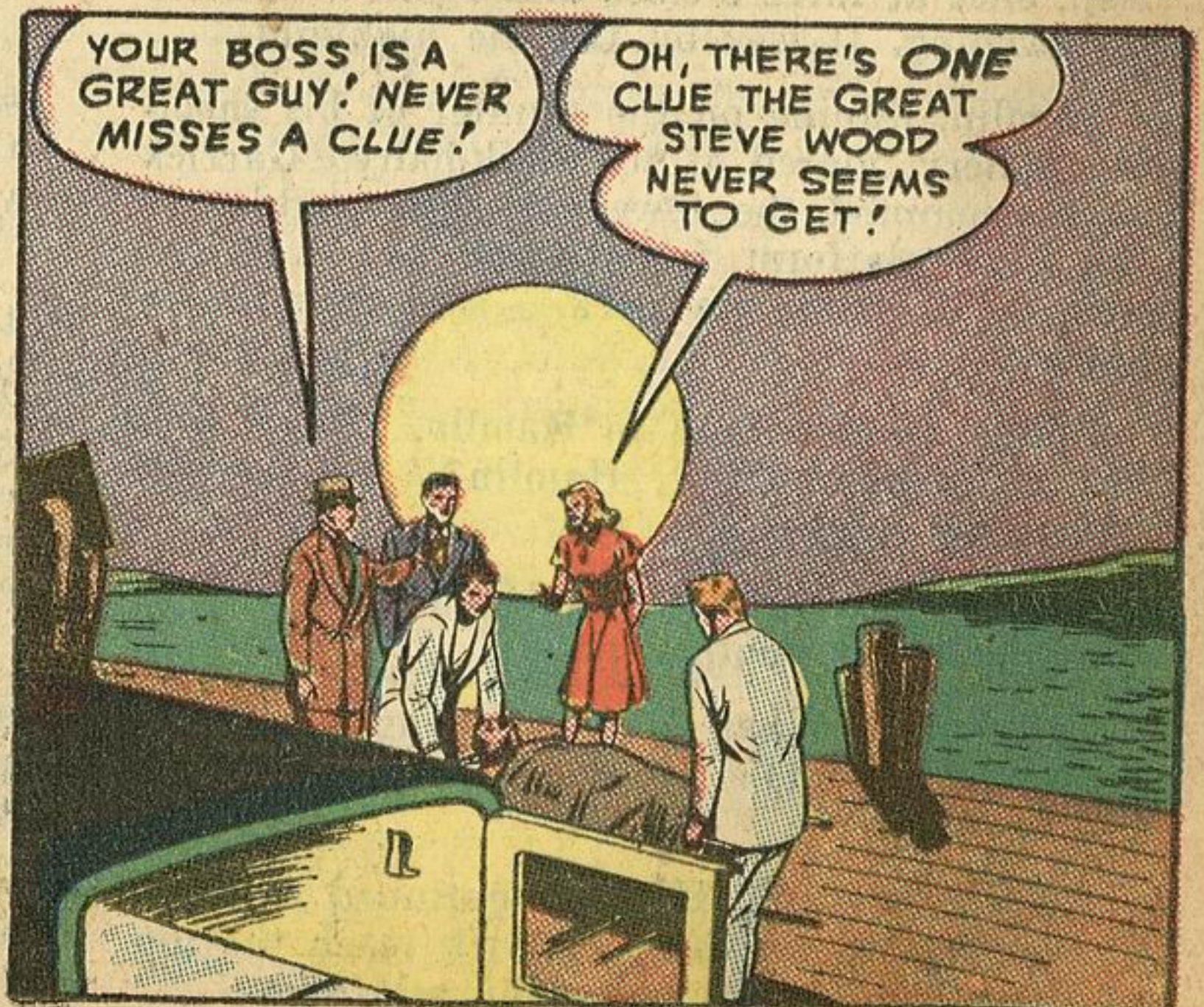
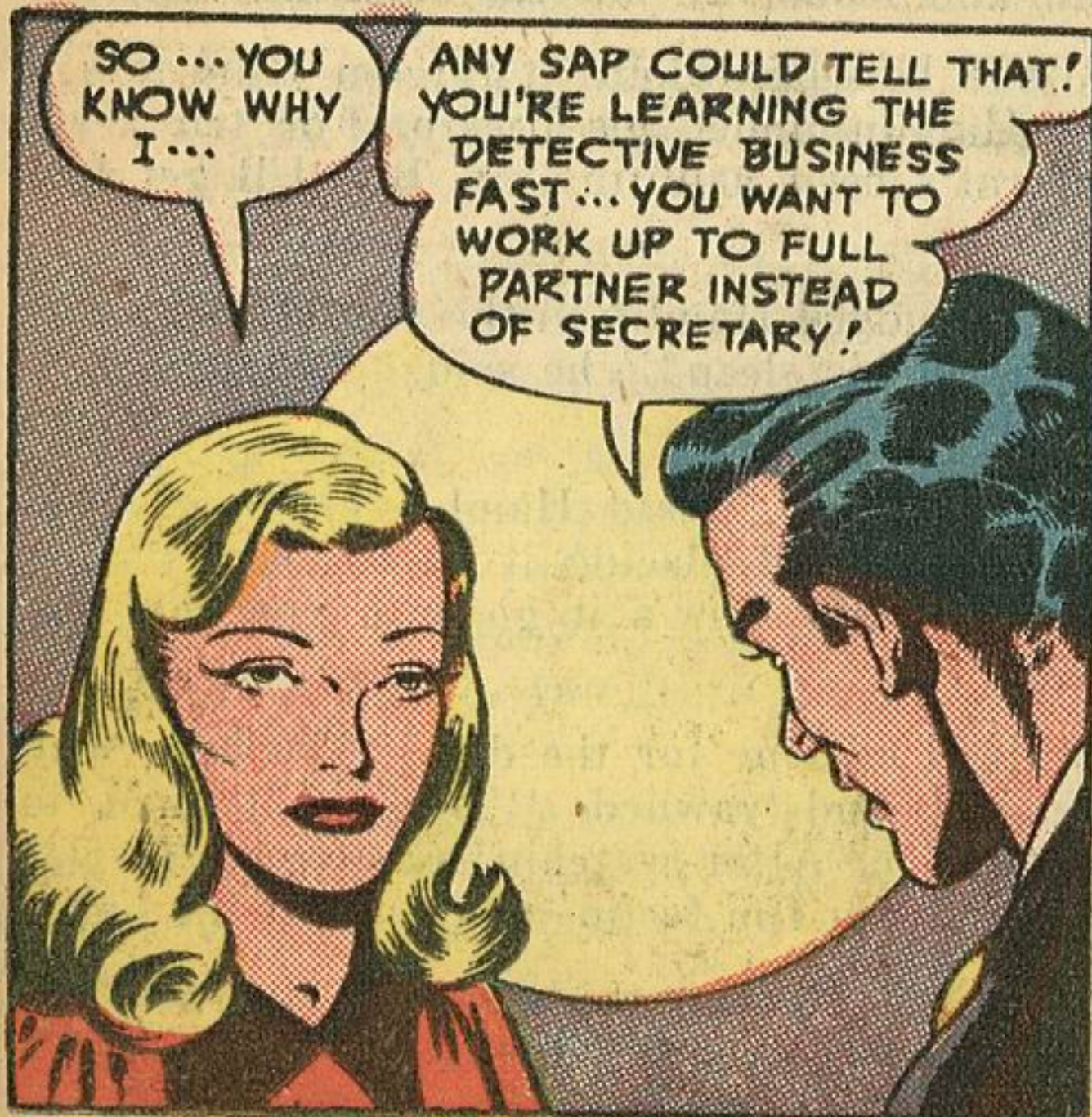
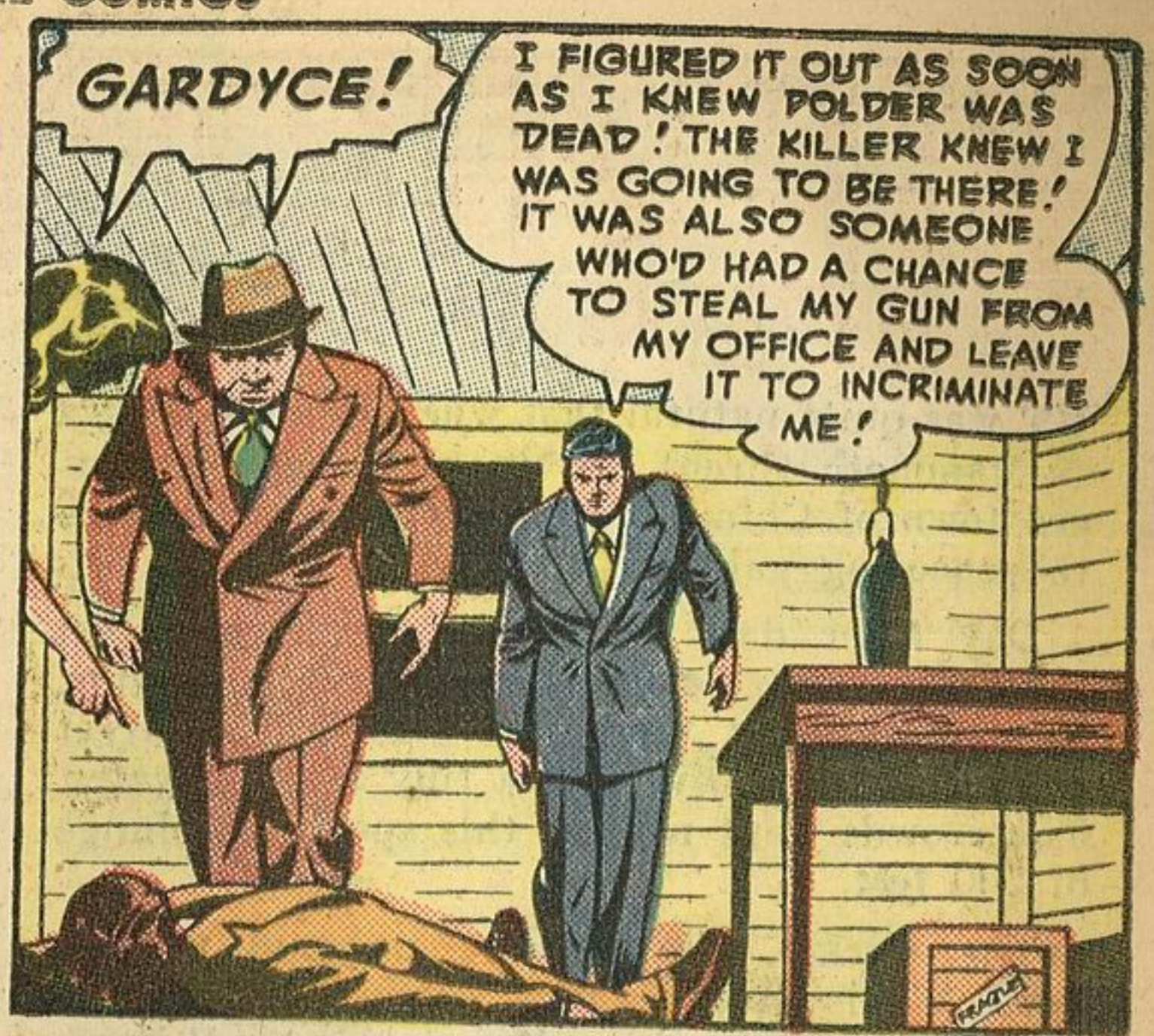


I CAN'T WASTE TIME
AT THE STATION!

STEVE WOOD!
COME BACK, IN THE
NAME OF THE
LAW!







BIG TOP MURDER

IT was quite natural that when Colonel Lane's Mammoth Circus set up in the small western town of Chino, the big attraction would be the shooting gallery.

Day after day the shooting gallery pulled the big crowds. Colonel Lane didn't mind this, because at night there was always The Great Garrick's High Dive into a tiny tank of water. The crowds went mad at this spectacular plunge of 200 feet.

The Barker, Carnie Calahan, said to Col. Lane, "This Great Garrick we signed on is sure bringing in the crowds. He's good, too."

"Yes," replied Lane. "But the shooting gallery isn't doing so badly during the day, eh?"

"Funny that we should've taken on Garrick and Hamlin the same day." The Barker flicked an ash off his jacket. "Ever hear of this shooting gallery chap, Hamlin, before, Colonel?"

"No, I didn't. Seems to be a decent sort."

"Hmm," grunted The Barker. "I've noticed that Garrick and Hamlin aren't on very good terms."

"Oh?" Col. Lane looked up from counting the receipts.

"Seem to hate each other," went on The Barker.

"Well, their differences don't interest me. So long as they draw the crowds. . . ."

Twice each day the Great Garrick made his leap, once at three o'clock and again at nine in the evening. It was by far the highlight.

Hamlin, leaning on the counter of his shooting gallery, glared at the sleek-haired Garrick as he mounted the towering, shiny ladder to the little platform from which he dived. "I wish he'd break his neck," said Hamlin to himself.

Spudo wandered up to Hamlin. "What you lookin' so dour about, Hamlin?" he greeted. "Business punk?"

"Business is okay," said Hamlin. "I'm just thinking about another punk."

"Uh-huh." What Hamlin thought was no business of Spudo's. He had a little card game to join later.

He wandered off. Hamlin continued to stand at his counter, watching Garrick reach the top of the platform and pulled himself over.

The searchlights picked out Garrick in a bright spot. The Barker cautioned "Silence!" to the crowd, for effect, and then began a long drum roll.

Garrick posed beautifully, then abruptly dived downward. Like a white swan he shot toward the tiny tank. There was a big splash, and almost before the water had fallen back, Garrick was posing and bowing on the edge of the tank.

The crowd applauded madly. Hamlin muttered again, "I wish he'd break his head!"

The next afternoon, Hamlin was doing a land-office business as usual when Major Midge strode up and, with his head just above the counter, said to Hamlin, "The Great Garrick's over in his tent talking about you somethin' awful, Hamlin. What's the matter between you two?"

"Aw—nothin'," said Hamlin. "We just ain't palsy-walsy. What's he sayin'?"

"Callin' you a lot of names," the Major told him.

"I'll break his neck," said Hamlin, and made as if to hurry off. But he turned back because the crowd was good.

Hamlin thought as he handed out rifles and ammunition and rang up the change. He thought deeply. Garrick had something on him, and Garrick had vowed to follow him to every show and make life miserable for him.

"And he's been doin' it for ten years now," said Hamlin under his breath. For ten years that rat's been hauntin' me. But I'll get him yet!"

Tiny nudged Hamlin in the ribs. "Now who's talkin' in his sleep?" he said. "Whatssa matter, Ham?"

"Oh, nothin'," said Hamlin, cleaning a .22 calibre rifle and placing it on the rack. "Just nothin', Tiny. How's it go with you this fine evenin'?"

"Me, I'm done for the day." The huge man stretched and yawned. "Think I'll turn in pretty soon. After watchin' the Great Garrick take his leap, I'm feelin' ready to hit the hay."

"Yeah," Hamlin made change for someone without being aware of the act. "Yeah, he gets better all the time, huh?"

NATIONAL COMICS

Tiny turned and looked at Hamlin. "Say, you two ain't seein' eye to eye, are you? Whatssa matter, did Garrick steal yer gal?"

"Naw. Nothin. We just ain't pals is all," said Hamlin.

"Well," said Tiny, "see you in the mornin', Ham. So long!"

Hamlin lay most of the night thinking. He thought back over the years when he had been free to do as he wished, when he could call his soul his own. Now, look at things! For every dollar he made at his thriving business, he had to pay Garrick fifty cents.

It hadn't been his fault that he'd shot a man once, more than ten years ago. So the guy had fallen to sleep behind the curtain that screened the sheet of lead at the back of the shooting gallery.

Hamlin had fired a magaine into the curtain just to keep up his practice. He had knocked all the ducks over, too. But he had also killed a man!

"He had no business sleepin' behind my curtain," Hamlin muttered under his breath. "But why did the guy have to be Garrick's brother, who I hated? And everybody knew I hated him, including Garrick."

That was where the thing stood. Garrick had found his brother dead and put the finger on Hamlin, the only one about the gallery at the time the tragedy occurred.

"Listen, Hamlin," Garrick had told him at the time. "You shot my brother. You hated him. All I have to do is tell the cops, and you're a dead pigeon."

Hamlin ground his teeth. Ten long years ago. And still Garrick clung tenaciously to his terrible extortion plot.

The next morning Garrick came to Hamlin's tent for his cut. He smirked as he greeted the the gallery man.

"Doin' pretty well these days, eh, Hamlin? We're makin' money hand over fist."

Hamlin grunted something ugly.

"No use takin' on so, Hamlin," said Garrick. "A bargain's a bargain . . . or would you rather that I went to the cops?"

"No!" cried Hamlin, looking all around. "Shut your mouth, you fool! Do you want to spoil everything?"

Garrick grinned nastily. "Oh, I know how you feel about me, Hamlin. You hate me just like you hated my brother. You murdered him, remember?"

"I didn't!" cried Hamlin. "It was an accident and you know it!"

"But no one will ever believe that," Garrick

purred. "Will they, Hamlin? Well, it's time I was taking my dive. . . . Oh, you might as well hand me my cut."

Hamlin passed out half of his take, cursing as he did so. "Some day," he gritted, "things will be different."

Garrick grinned and went on his way.

The day passed uneventfully. Hamlin took in a nice bit of money. Garrick made his afternoon leap, and the crowd applauded as usual.

It was during the quiet period between shows that Hamlin conceived his plan. He went to the refrigeration unit and made up a small package, which he was careful to keep closed.

The big top was empty at seven o'clock. What Hamlin carried in the paper bag, he guarded well. And then he found his chance. The tower from which Garrick made his dive was in the middle of the big top. The platform, two hundred feet in the air, was in the very pointed top of the tent. Hamlin climbed up to the shaky platform and very carefully drew the canvas cover over the top opening of the tent. Then he put his paper bag down and descended.

Two hours later, Garrick made his spectacular climb upward, while the crowd cheered, then grew quiet when The Barker called for silence. Garrick stood poised on the platform. Those below saw him place a hand to his eyes, sway dizzily, and topple over the side. A great cry arose. Garrick had fallen to his death! A heart attack! A dizziness! It happened to all such performers sometime.

But it was The Barker who made the discovery, when he had climbed to the platform. He found an empty paper bag which looked as if it had contained something wet.

The Barker sniffed at the bag. No odor. He noted the closed canvas top and wondered. It had never been closed before.

Then he remembered a story he had once read. He hurried to the refrigeration unit. With him went the fingerprint experts who had come out from the nearest large city. They found two sets of prints: the refrigerator man's and Hamlin's.

They found Hamlin's prints on the ladder leading up to the diving platform. It all tied in. Hamlin had stolen a batch of dry ice, placed it in a paper bag and put the bag on the platform before the show had started.

There had just been time for the moisture to melt through the paper, allowing the deadly gas to escape.

"Garrick died from asphyxiation," he told Col. Lane. "Dry ice on that platform up there, with the tent cover closed, is like a gas chamber. Hamlin's your murderer!"

LASSIE

A FINE WAY TO SPEND SATURDAY MORNING!

BUT I JUST GOTTA WRITE AN ESSAY ON THE AMERICAN INDIAN--

..AND TEACHER SAYS THE BEST PLACE TO GET THE DOPE IS THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM!

OH, JEEPERS... DINNY FOLLOWED US ALL THE WAY DOWN TOWN!

AND IT'S AGAINST THE RULES TO TAKE DOGS INTO THE MUSEUM!

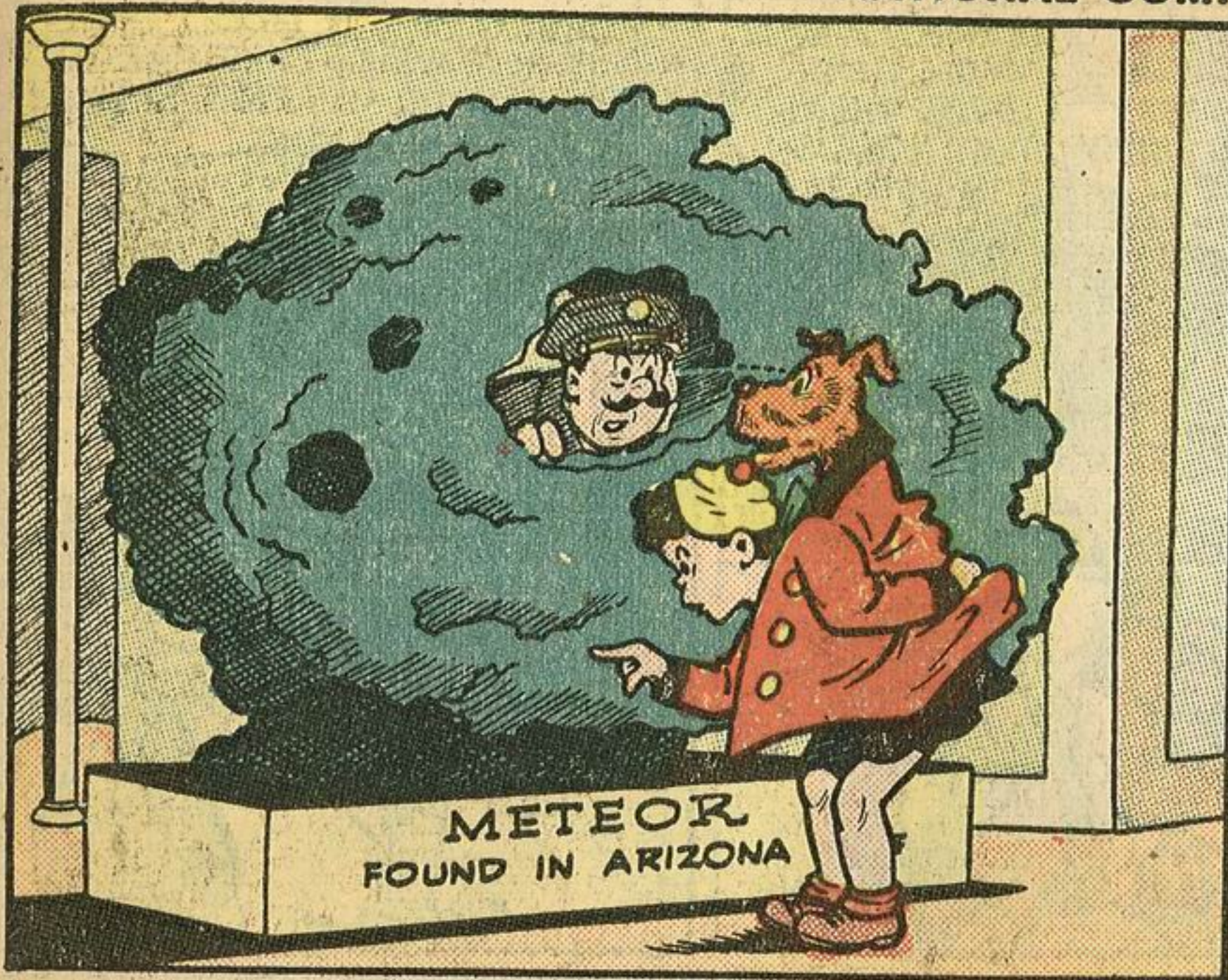
SCRAM, DINNY! G'WAN HOME!

NO! WE CAN'T SEND HIM HOME IN ALL THAT TRAFFIC!

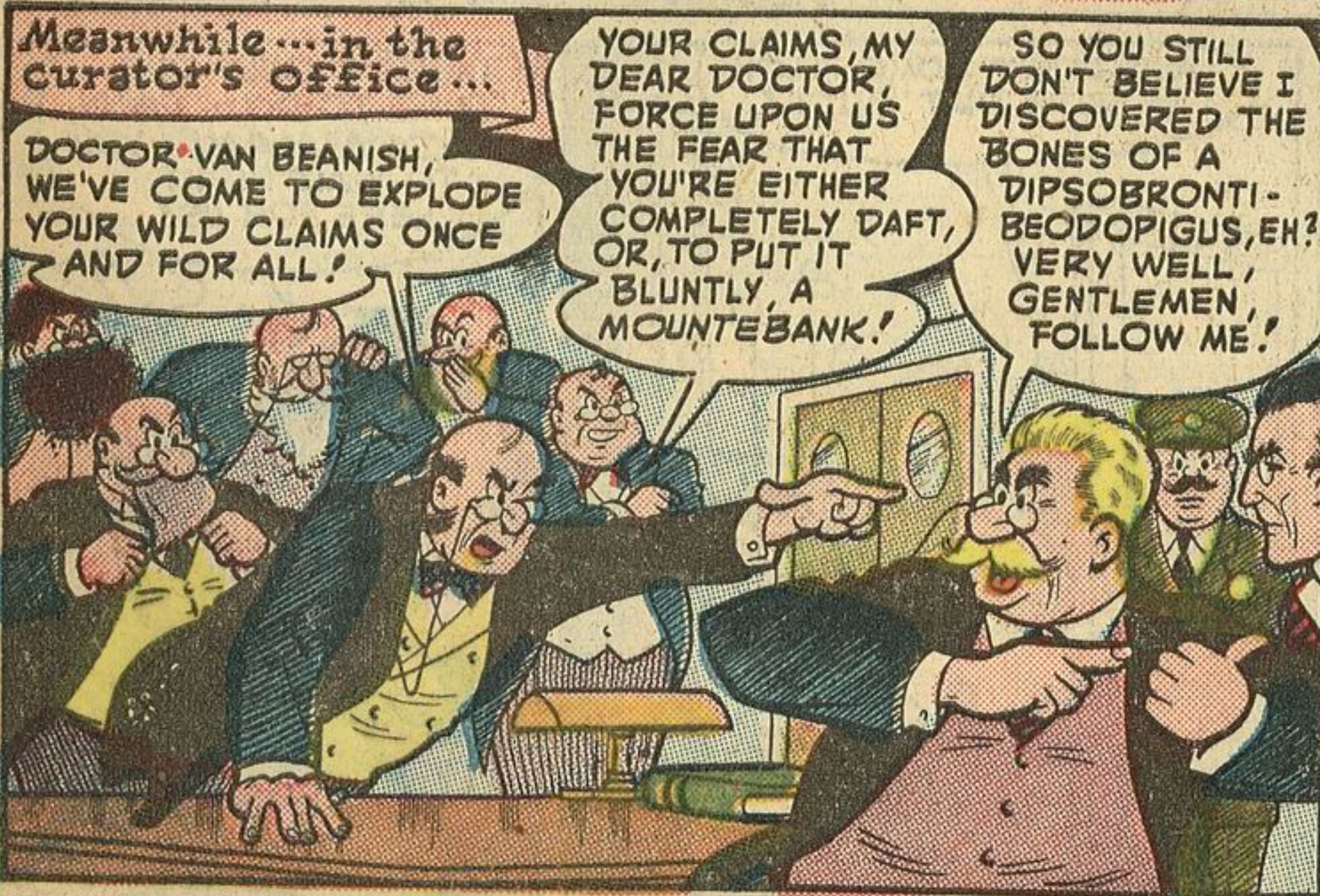
I'LL SMUGGLE HIM IN UNDER MY COAT... IT'S A NICE BIG, LOOSE ONE!

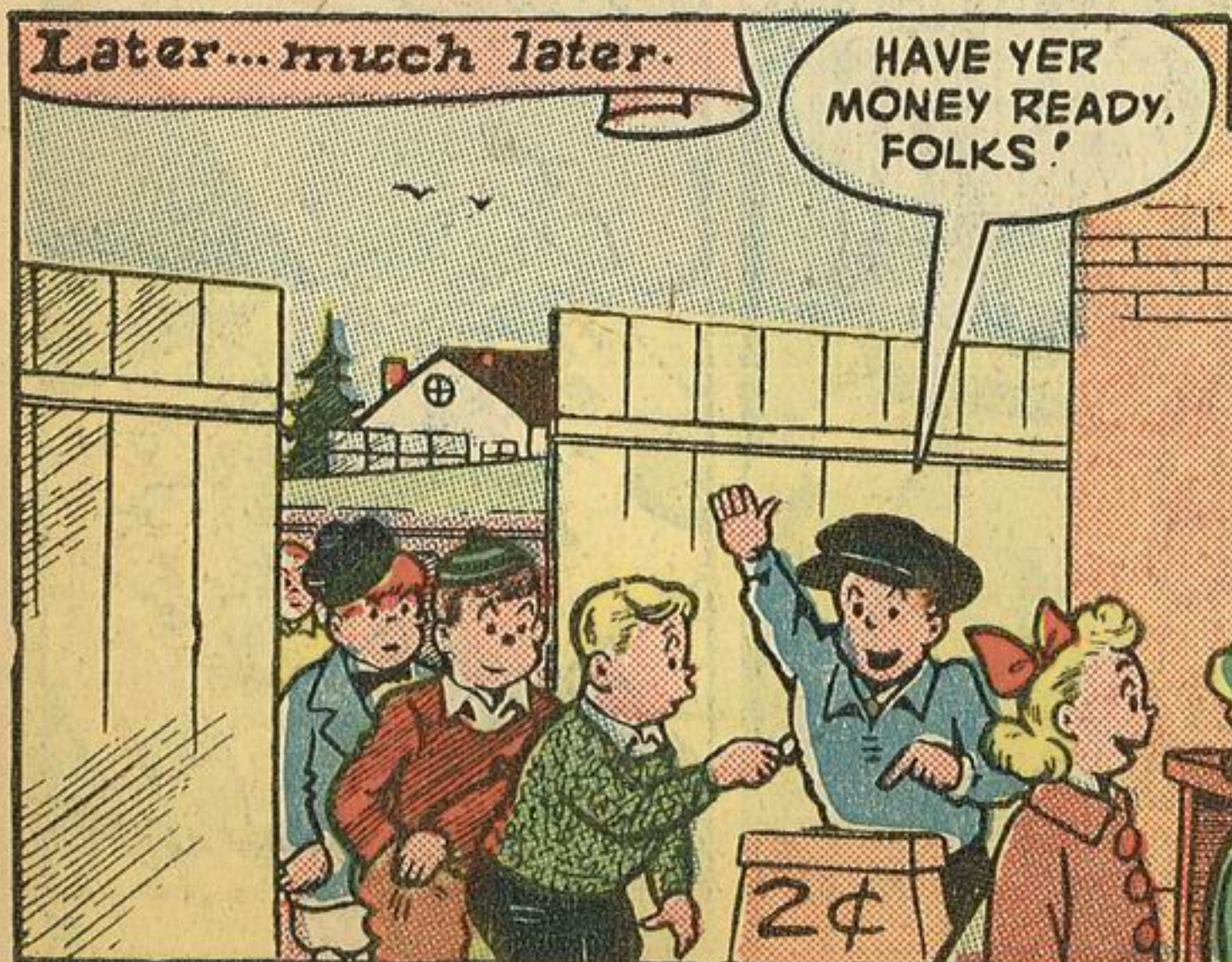
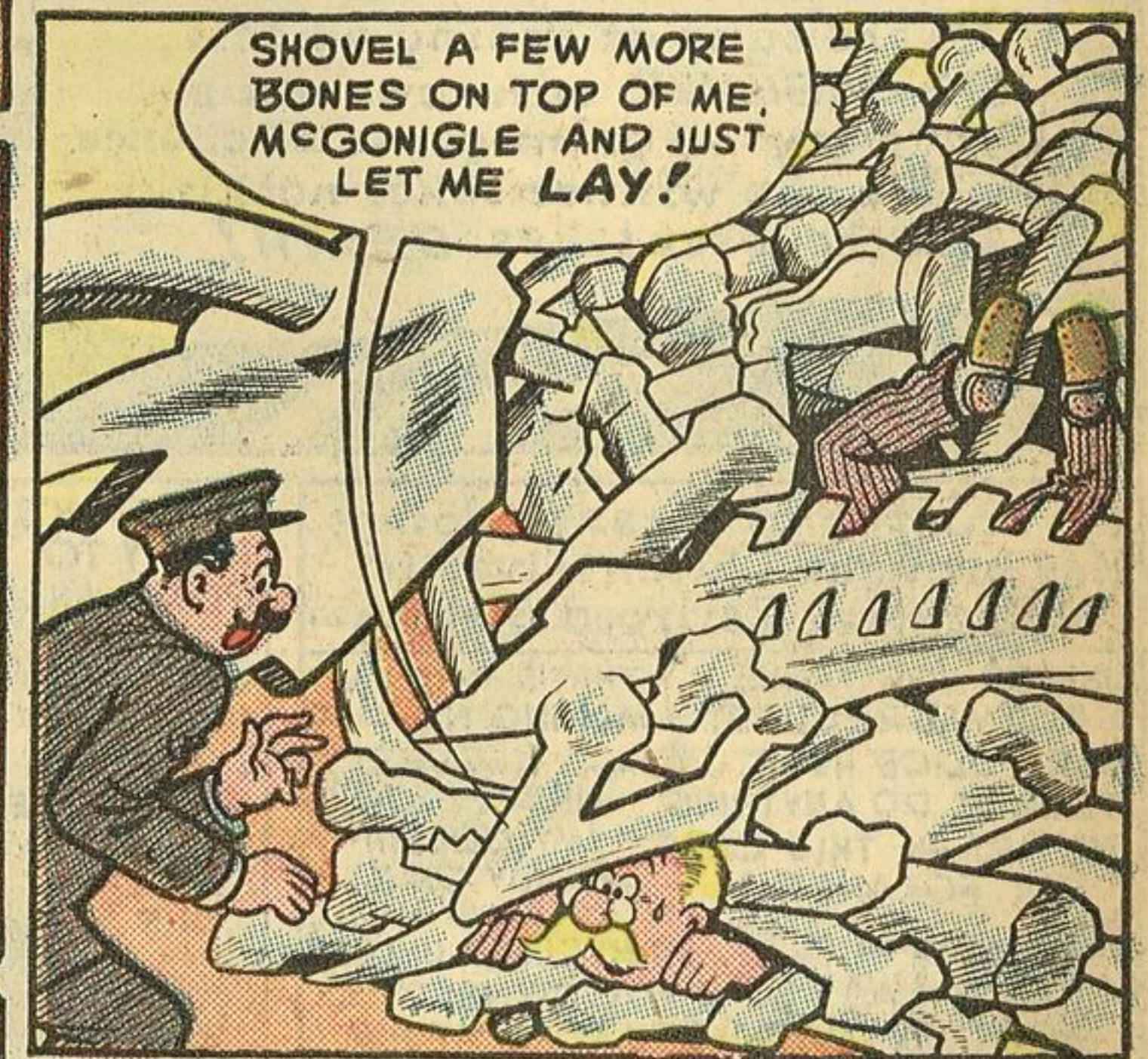
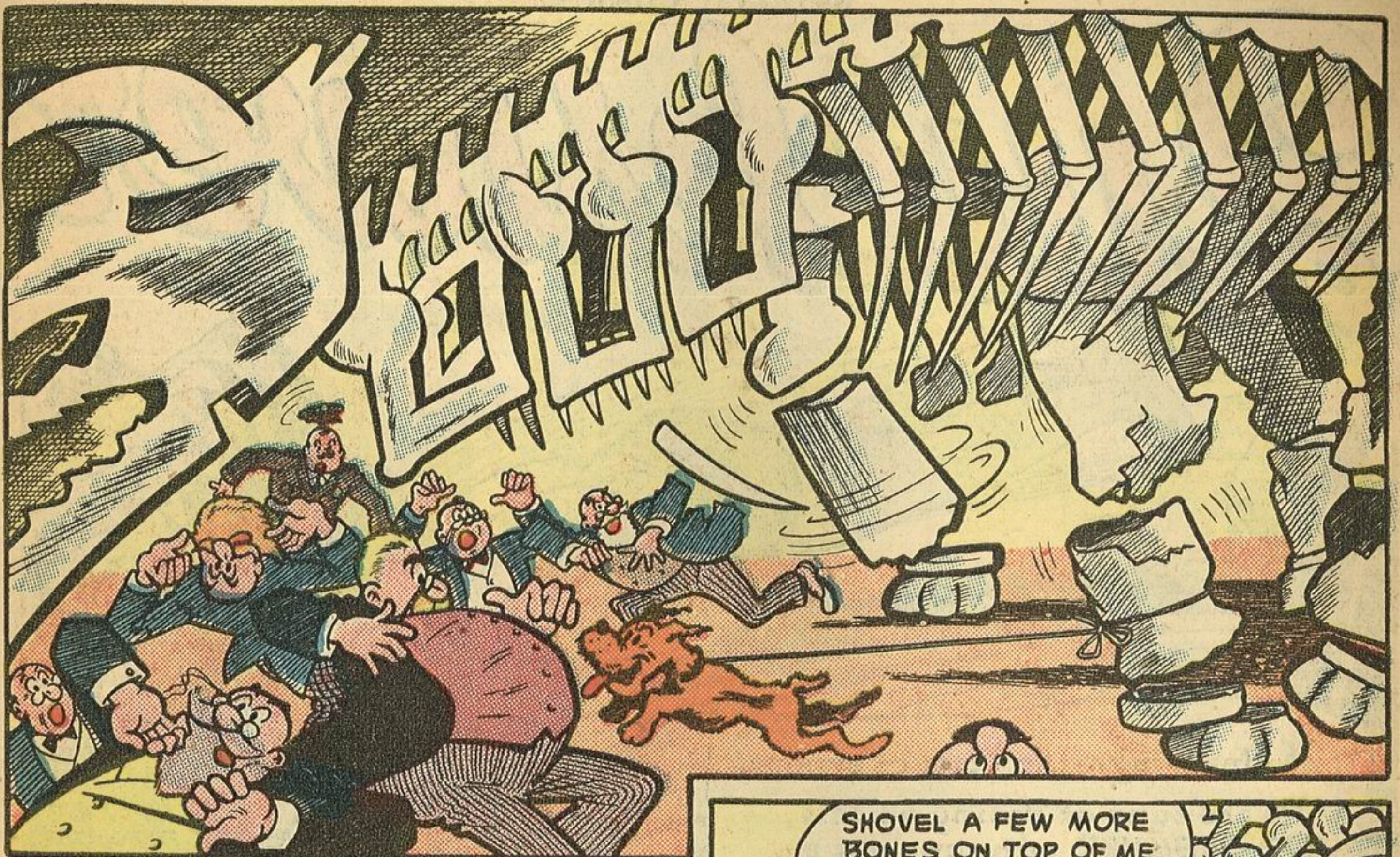
HMM! JUST LOOKIT THAT THING!

METEOR
FOUND IN ARIZONA - 1901



NATIONAL COMICS





NATIONAL COMICS

Quicksilver



Kidnapping... the worst of crimes!
To the tune of racing wheels,
QUICKSILVER winnows out a
mystery... a grim game of chance,
where the winner takes nothing
and the loser takes **DEATH!**

A whisper of strange doings
has brought Quicksilver to
the Central Railroad Station...

UNLESS YOU MAKE
A FORMAL REQUEST
FOR POLICE HELP,
WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING
TO BREAK THIS CASE,
MR. FORAKER!

THAT'S WHY I'M
MAKING NO
REQUEST,
INSPECTOR!
MY COUSIN...
MY ONLY
RELATIVE... WILL
BE KILLED UNLESS
I FOLLOW INSTRU-
CTIONS TO PAY HIS
RANSOM! PLEASE
DON'T FOLLOW
ME!

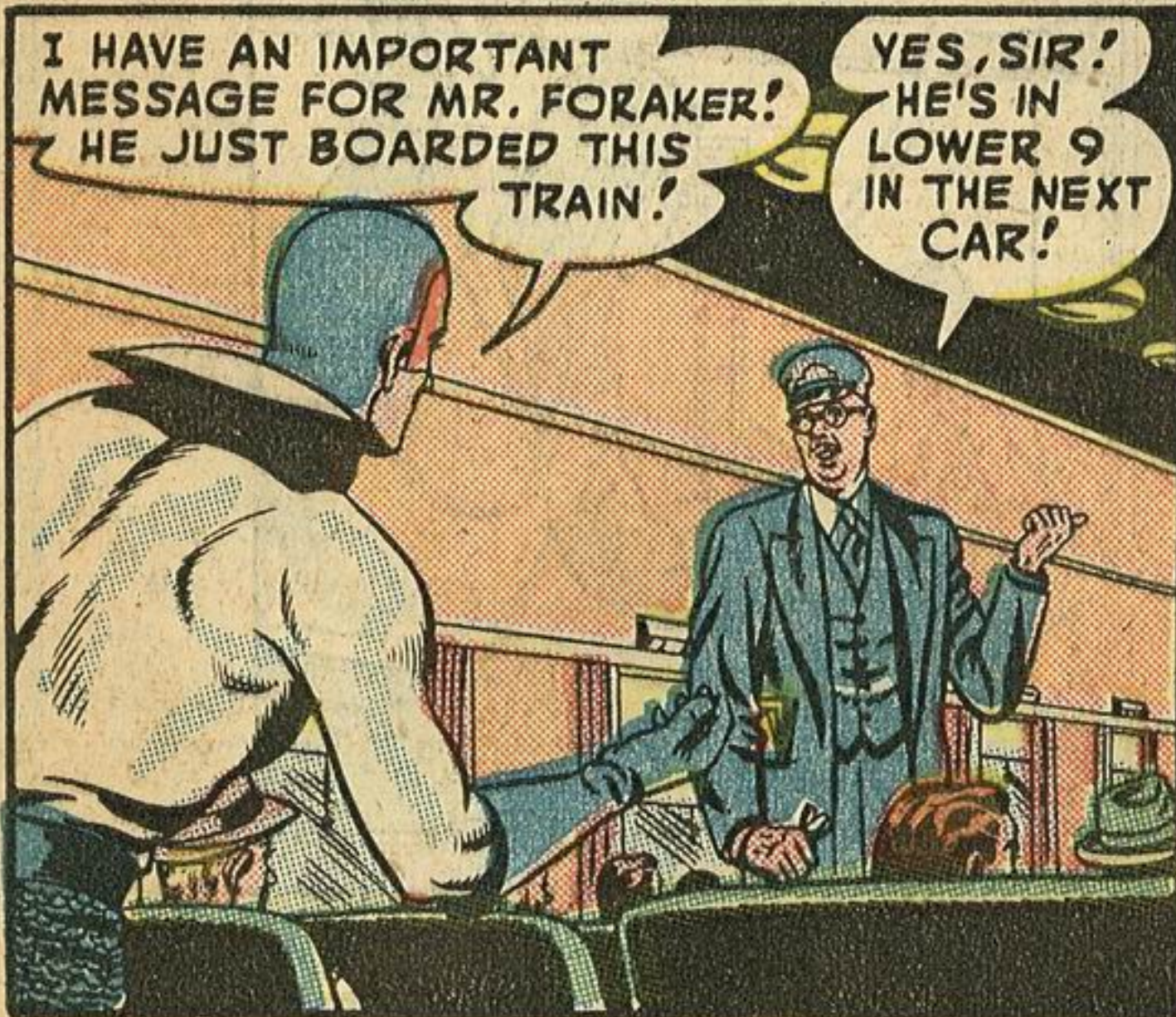
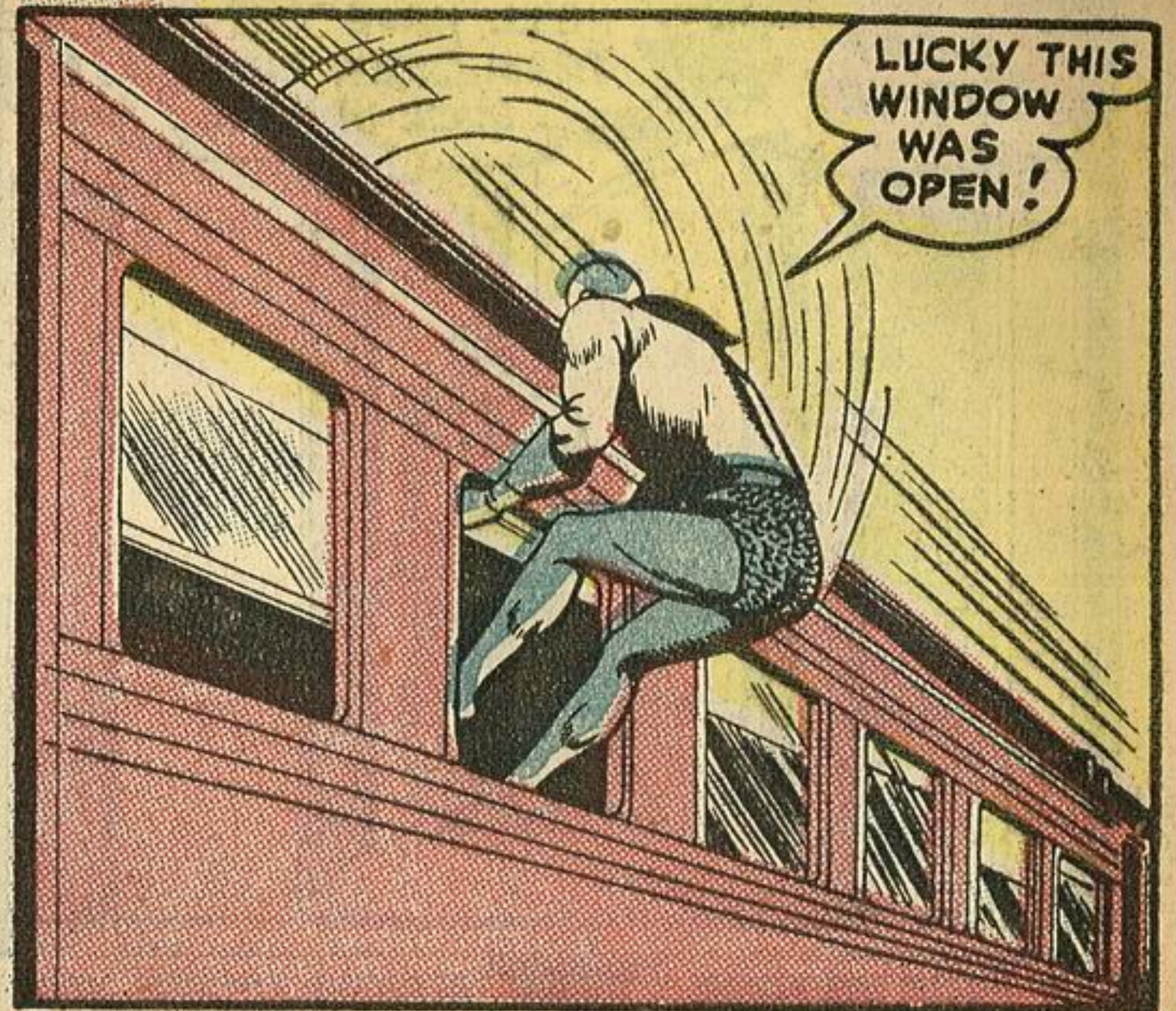
MY TRAIN'S
READY TO
GO! THANKS
FOR YOUR
OFFER TO
HELP! BUT
I'D RATHER
THE POLICE
WOULD STAY
OUT OF
THIS!

HE CAN REFUSE
POLICE ASSIST-
ANCE, BUT I'M
BOUND BY NO
RULES!
AND THOSE
SCRAPS HE
DROPPED...

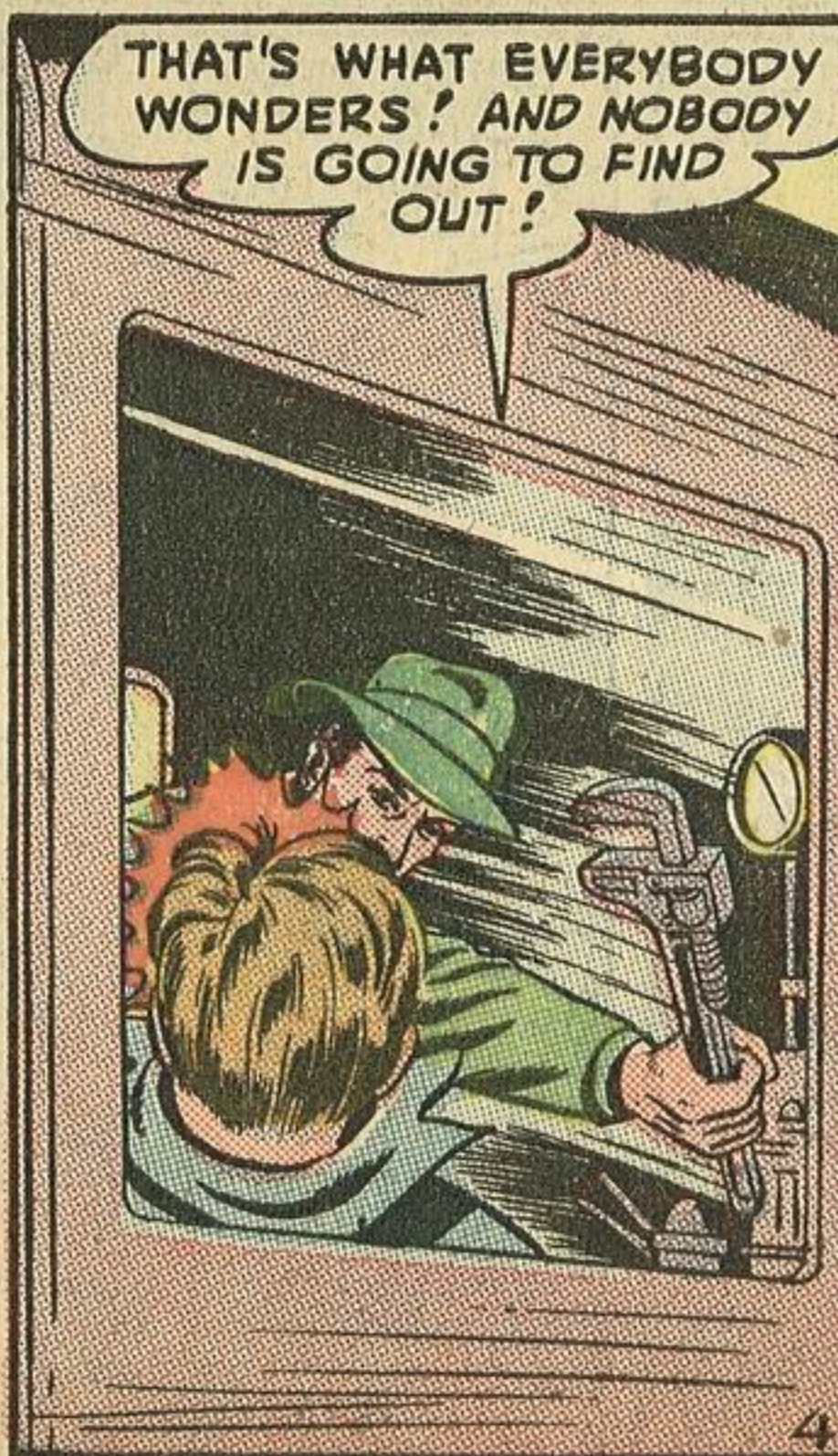
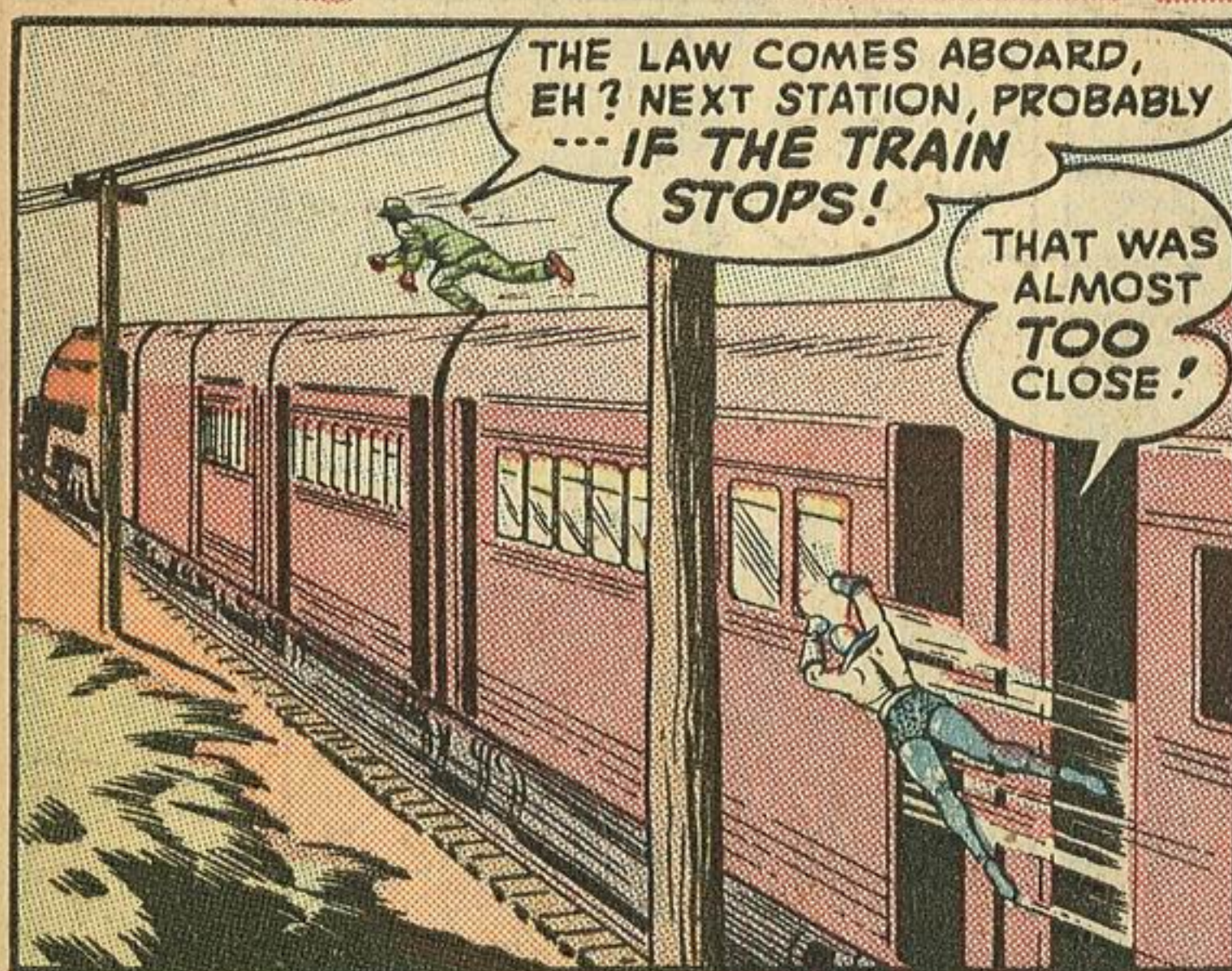
I CAN JUST MAKE THAT
SAME TRAIN!

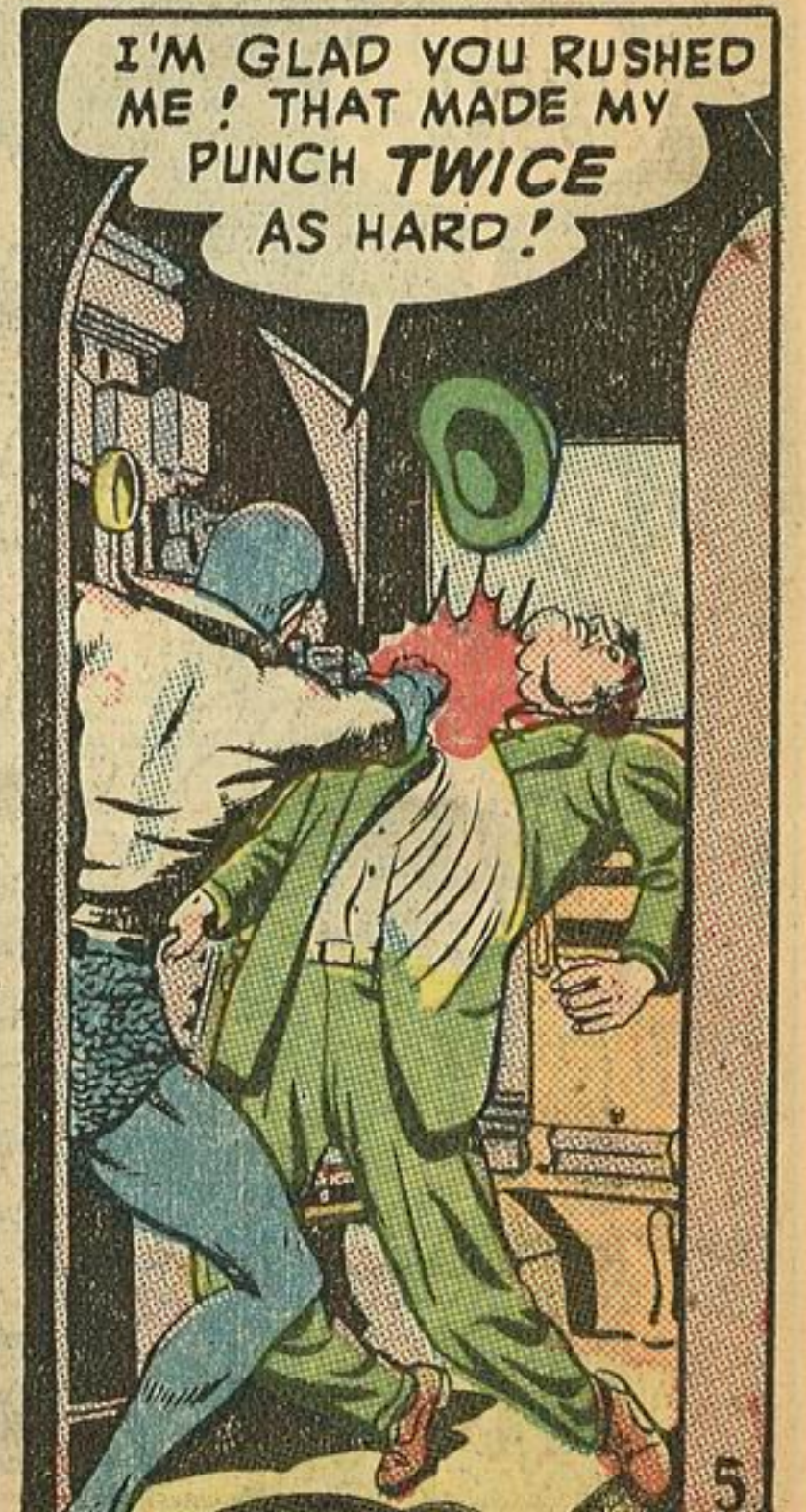
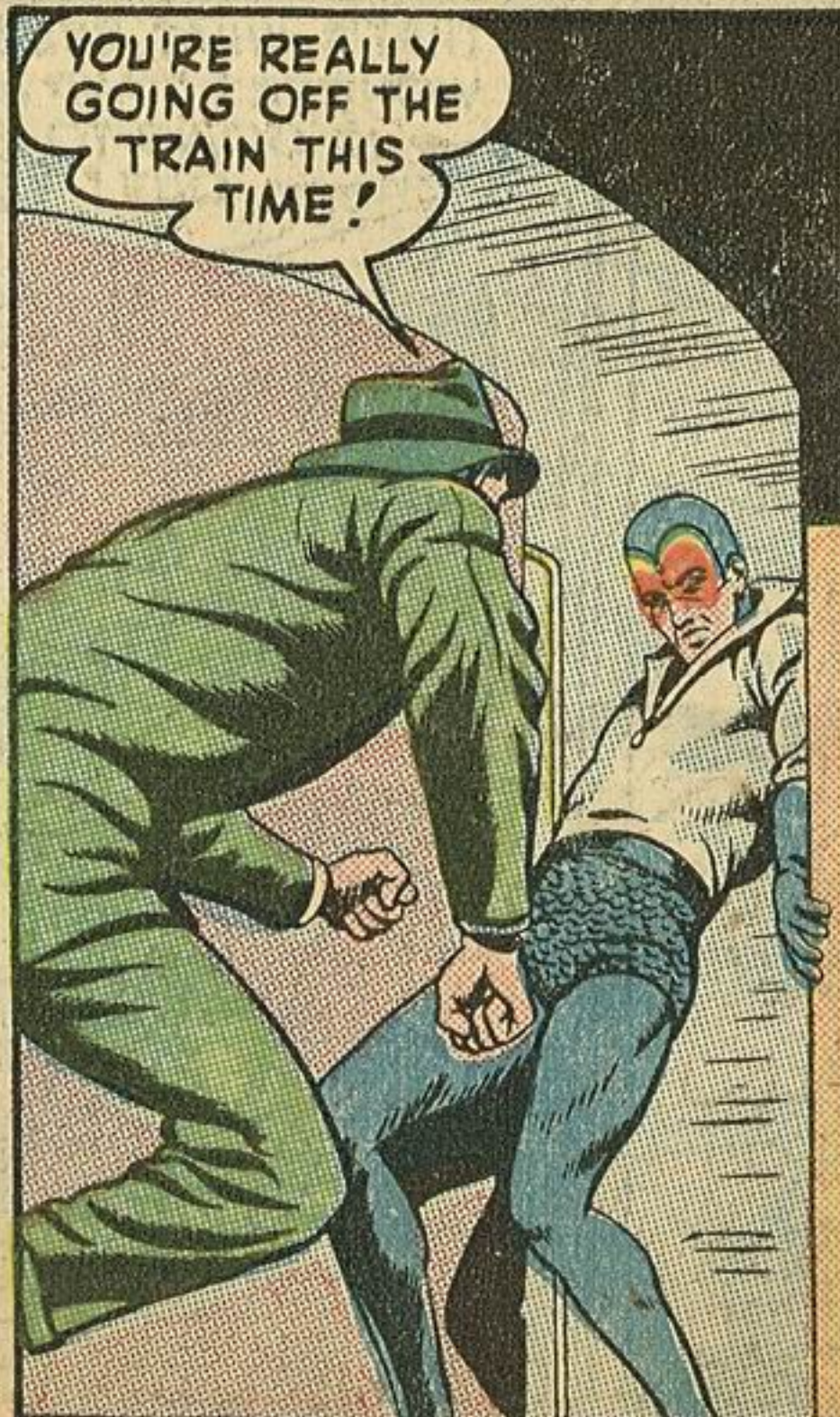
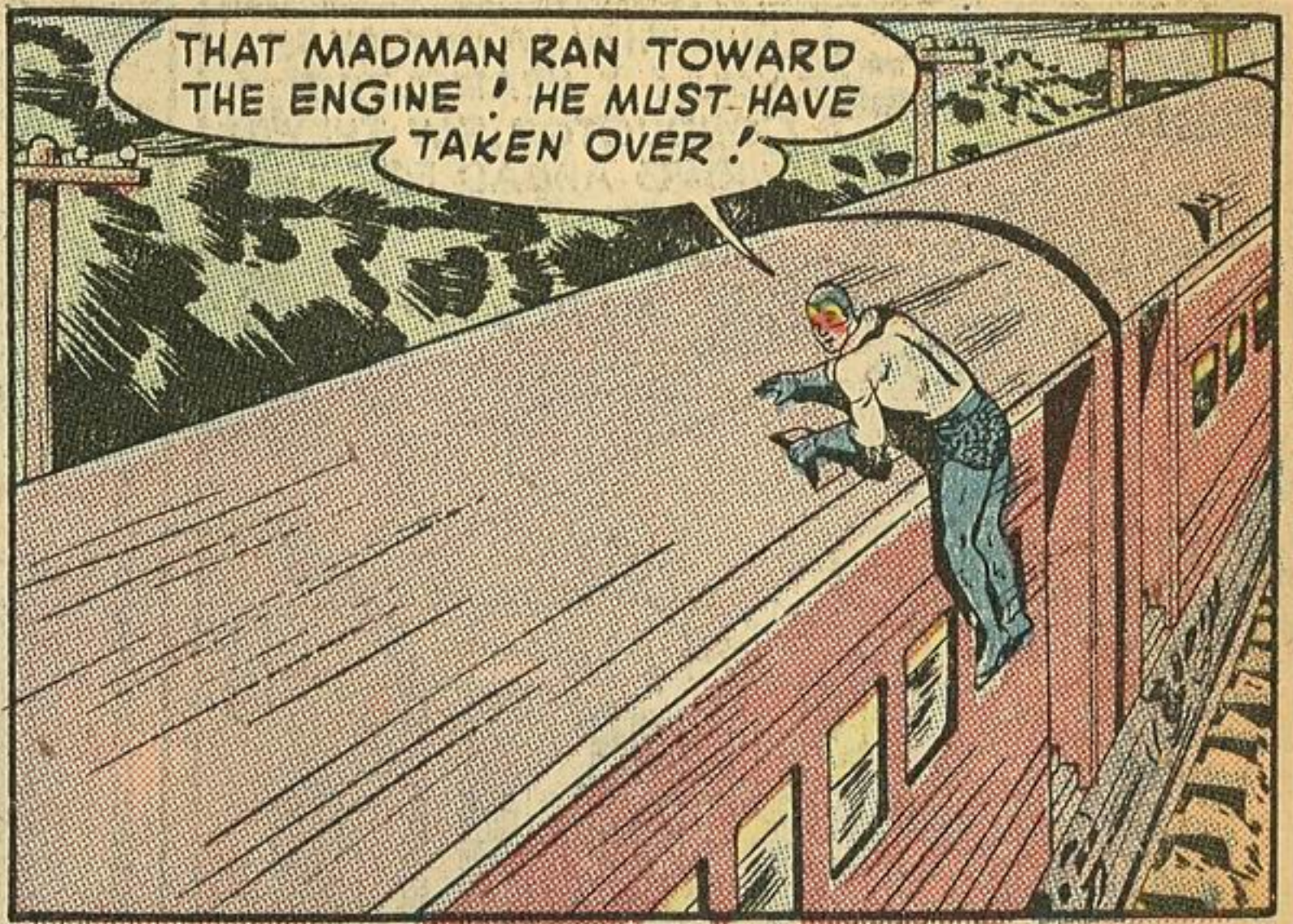


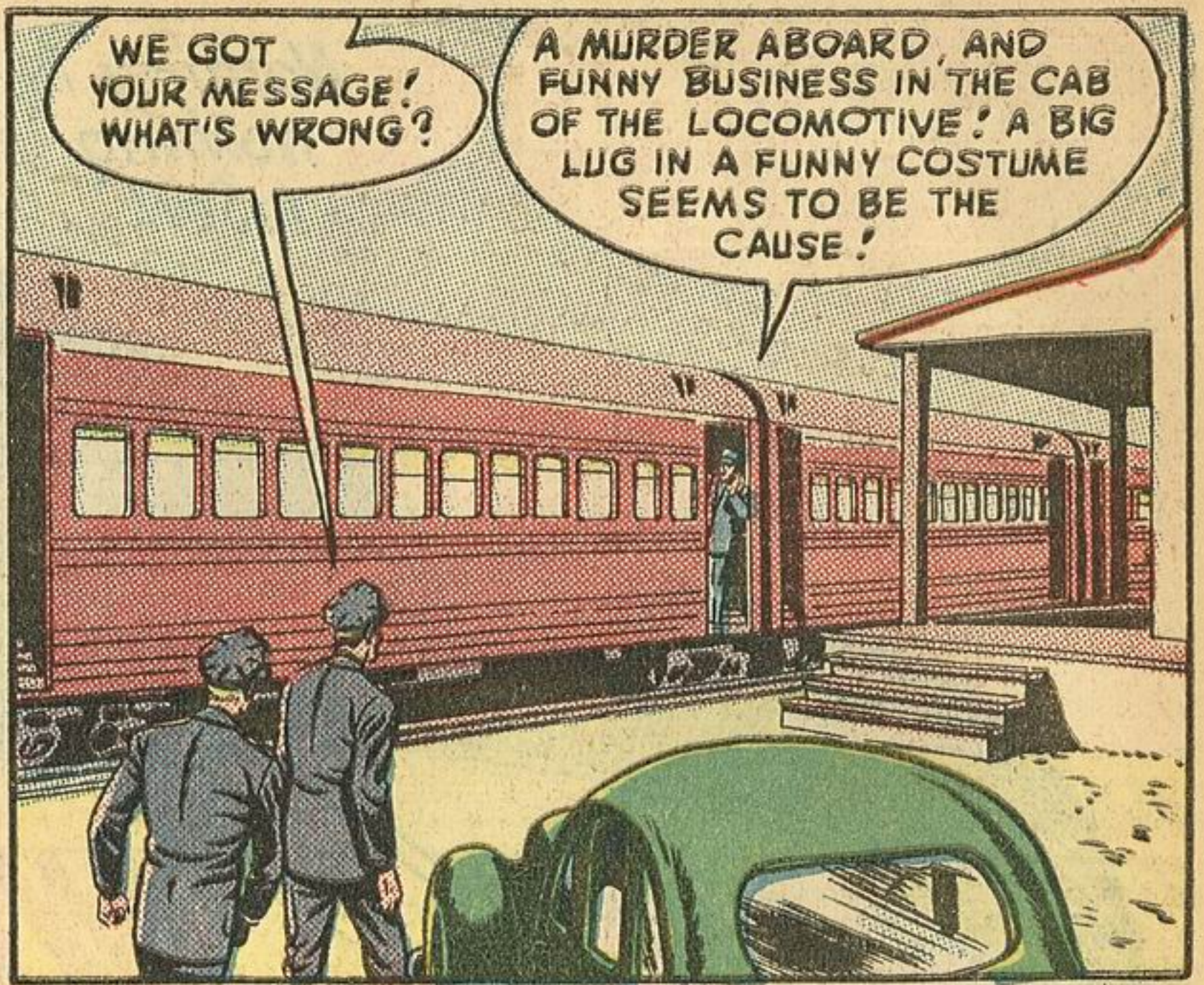
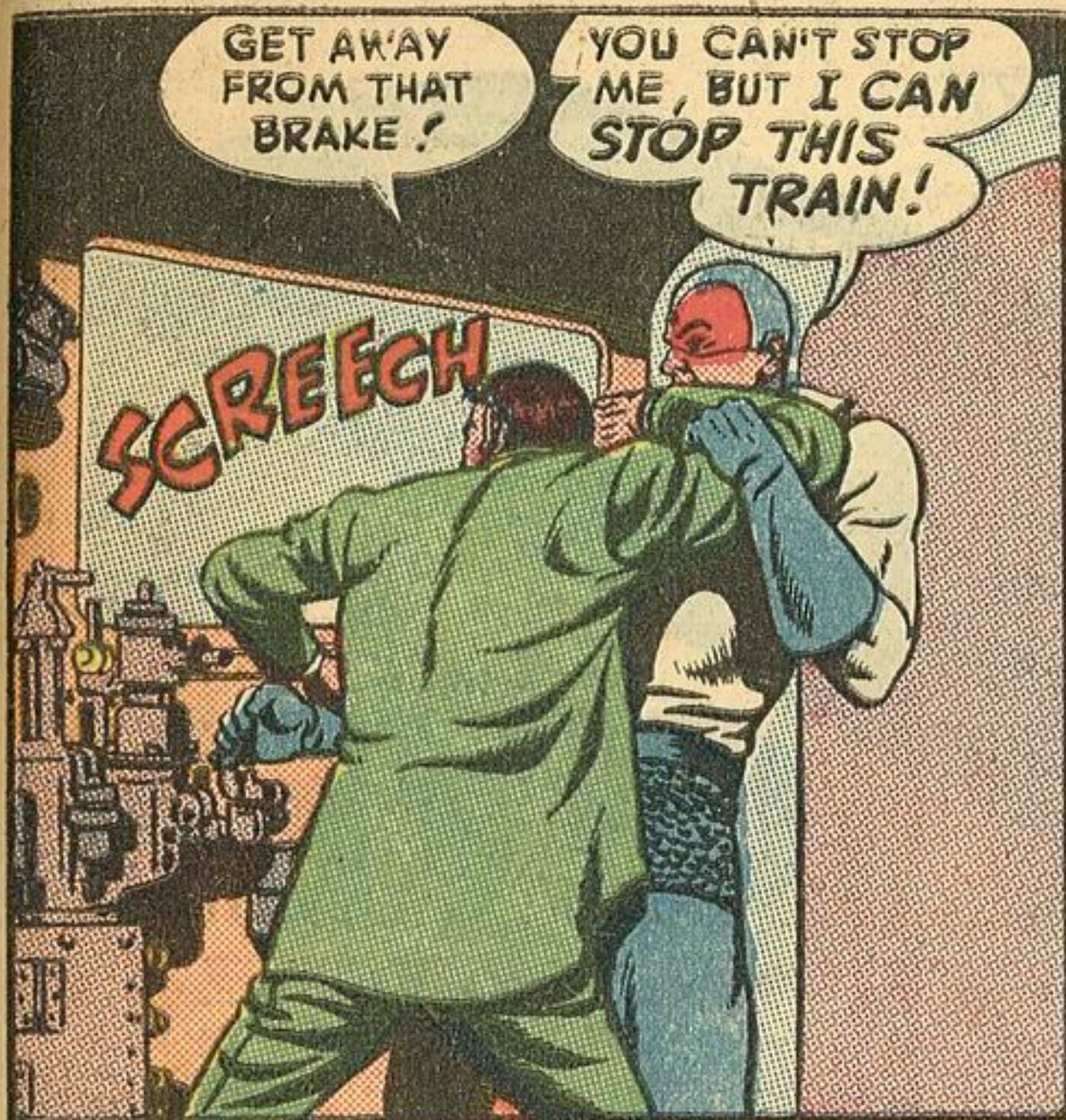
TAKE THE 12:20 TO
ABBOTVILLE... OPEN
LOCKER 2 WITH
ENCLOSED KEY AND
FIND FURTHER
DIRECTIONS!











**Hand Out
Only 20 Photo
Enlargement
Coupons FREE**

*Nothing to Buy
Nothing
to Sell*



GIVEN WRIST WATCH PLUS Sparkling Imitation BIRTHSTONE RING

Think of receiving both of these wonderful gifts for, helping us get acquainted with new customers and friends. You get your choice of a smart, new, charming, imported, Swiss Movement Lady's Wrist Watch or a dependable Man's Wrist Watch. Besides, you also receive a sparkling, simulated Birthstone Ring, correct for your month of birth.

Both the Ring and Wrist Watch are GIVEN for helping us by handing out or mailing only 20 snapshot and photo Enlargement Coupons FREE to friends and relatives. There is NOTHING FOR YOU TO BUY. THERE IS NOTHING FOR YOU TO SELL and collect for. Your exquisite Birthstone Ring is sent in a special gift box when only half of the coupons have come back to us with a snapshot or negative for enlarging. You can even mail these Enlargement Coupons to friends and relatives in other towns, if you wish. Your valuable Wrist Watch is sent also when all of the coupons have come back to us. You will be charmed and thrilled with your beautiful gifts. Join our get-acquainted picture enlarging offer that even your friends will love. Send your name and address today for your 20 coupons to hand out FREE. Be first in your neighborhood to wear such a beautiful Birthstone Ring and exquisite Wrist Watch.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. X-50
211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa



JANUARY
Garnet



FEBRUARY
Amethyst



MARCH
Aquamarine



APRIL
White Sapphire



MAY
Green Spinel



JUNE
Alexandrite



JULY
Ruby



AUGUST
Peridot



SEPTEMBER
Sapphire



OCTOBER
Citrine



NOVEMBER
Golden Sapphire

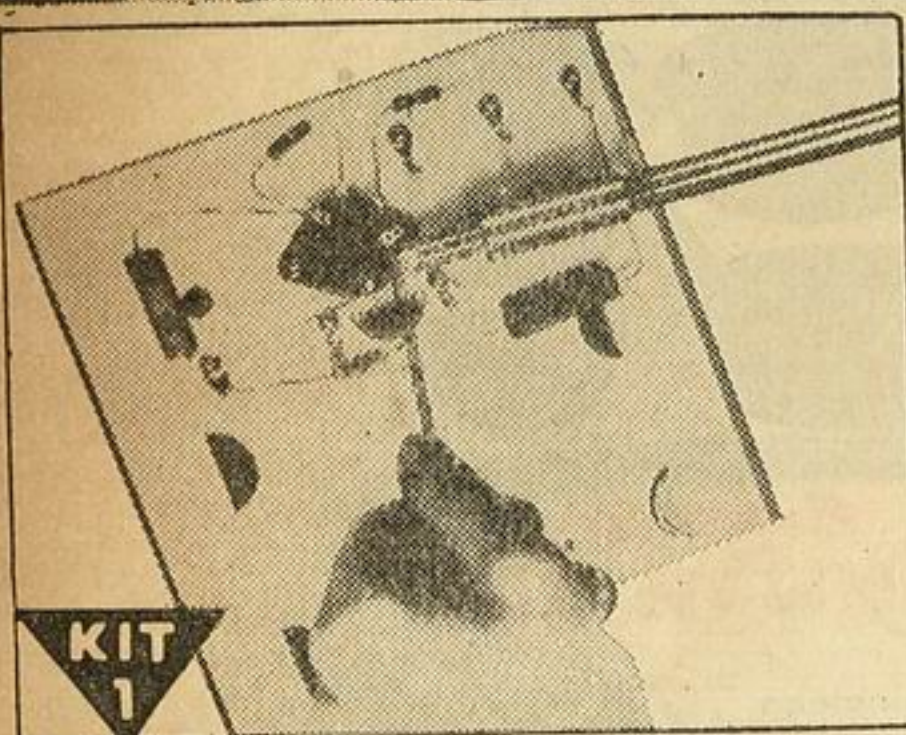


DECEMBER
Zircon

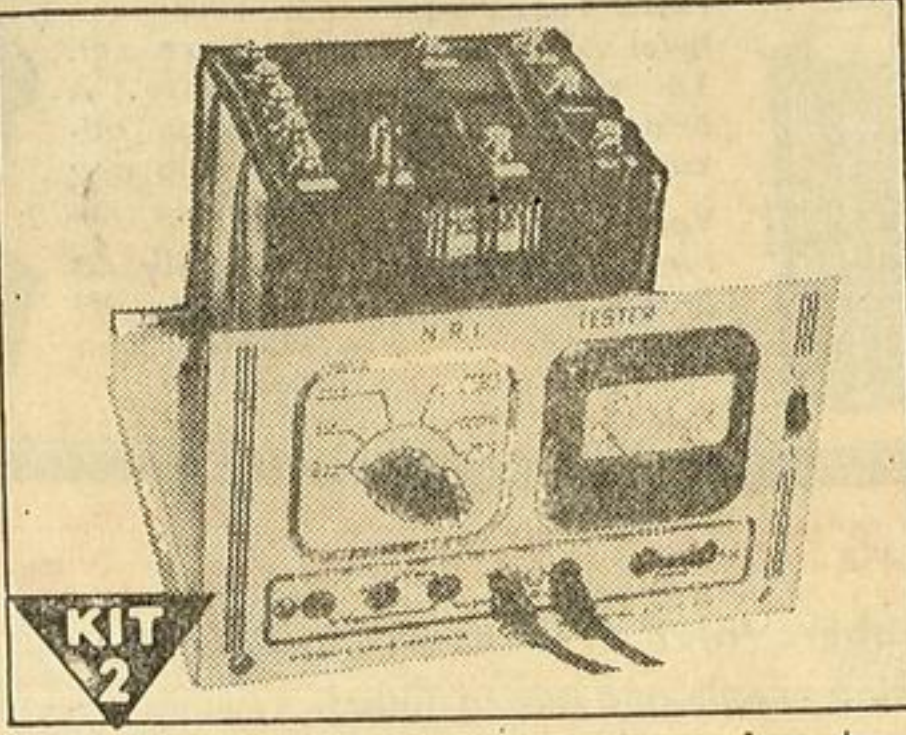


I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

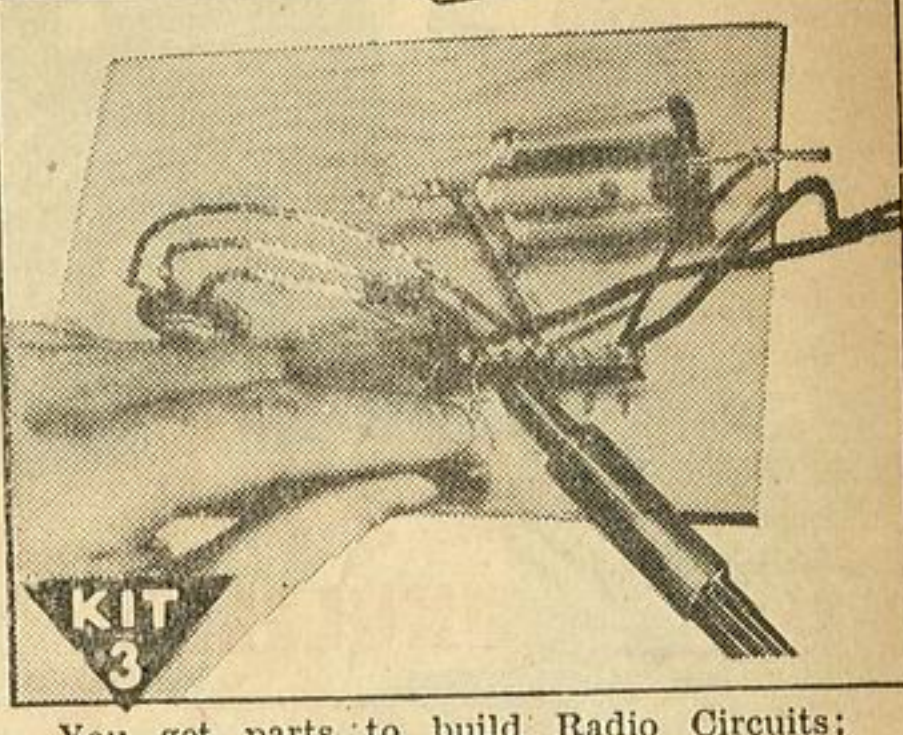
**I Send You
Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



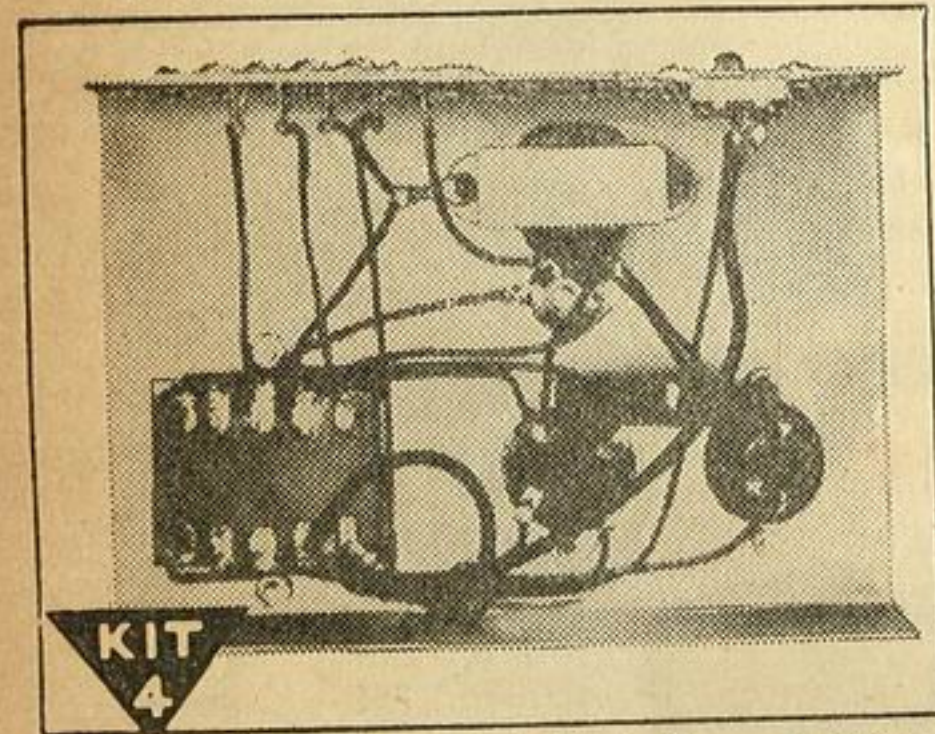
KIT 1
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



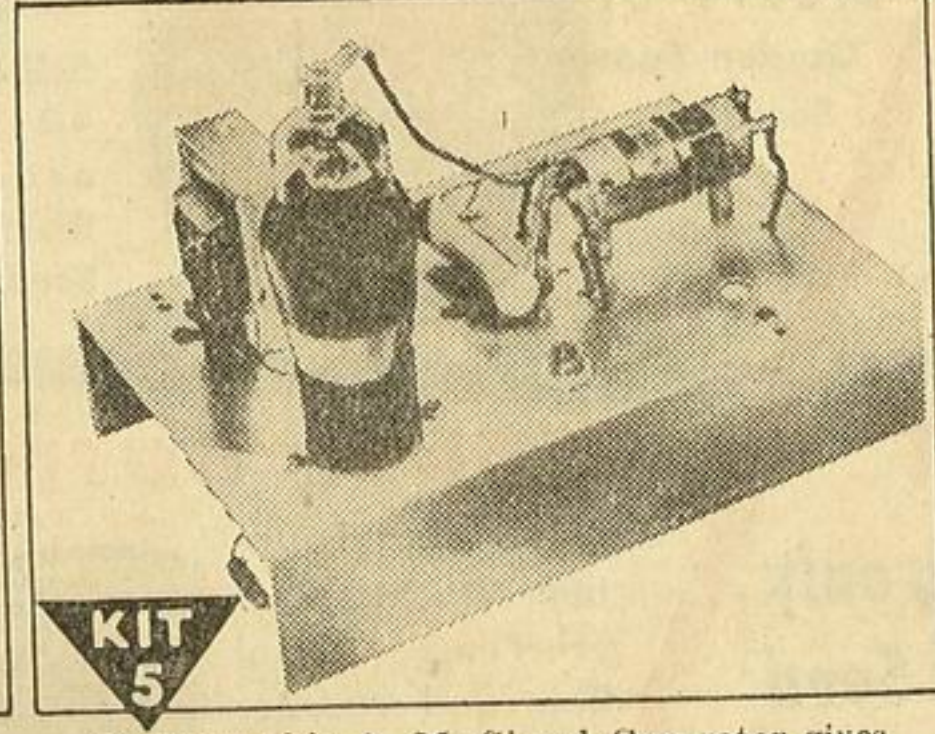
KIT 2
Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



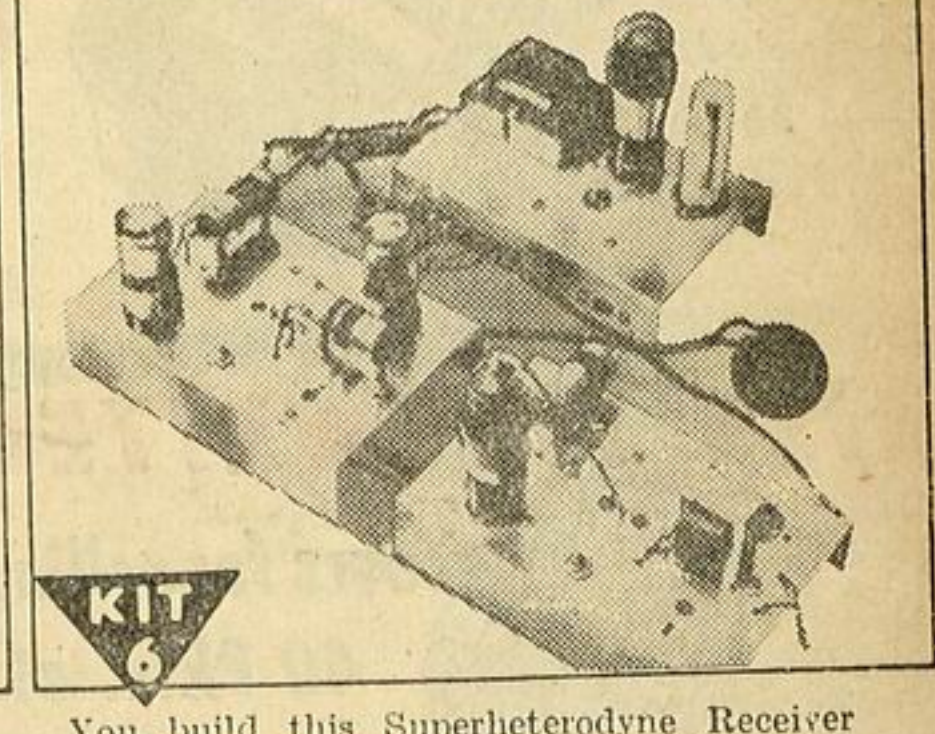
KIT 3
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



KIT 4
You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5
Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6
You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO - Win Success I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in RADIO—Television, Electronics," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY manuals that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while

VETERANS

You can get this training right in your own home under G. I. Bill. Mail coupon for full details.

still learning! It's probably easier to get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as Television, FM, and Electronic devices become available to the public! Send for FREE books now!

Find Out What NRI Can Do For You
Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my FREE 64-page book. Read the details about my Course; letters from men I trained; see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just MAIL COUPON NOW in envelope or paste on penny postal.

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 8BA3, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.

APPROVED FOR TRAINING UNDER GI BILL

Good for Both - FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 8BA3, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me FREE, your sample lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH
RECEIVER SERVICING

How to Be a
Success
in RADIO
TELEVISION
ELECTRONICS

Prizes for Everyone!

Here's your opportunity to secure any of the premiums shown below (plus many others as they appear in our latest catalog). Simply send for fast selling Garden Spot Seeds. Sell at once to friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the money collected and select your prize in accordance with our offers. **SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU.**

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

CANDID TYPE CAMERA



Fixed Focus, eye level view finder. 16 exposures. Beautiful Black case.

Yours for selling two 40-packet orders of Garden Spot Seeds.

Blue Bird COOKING SET

5 piece set. Durable. A welcome addition to any kitchen.

Sell only 40 packets of Garden Spot Seeds.



FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Full Size UKULELE

Easy to play. ... Instruction Sheet included. Sell only 40 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds.



BASKET BALL

Rubber Valve type bladder. Lacing needle and lace included.

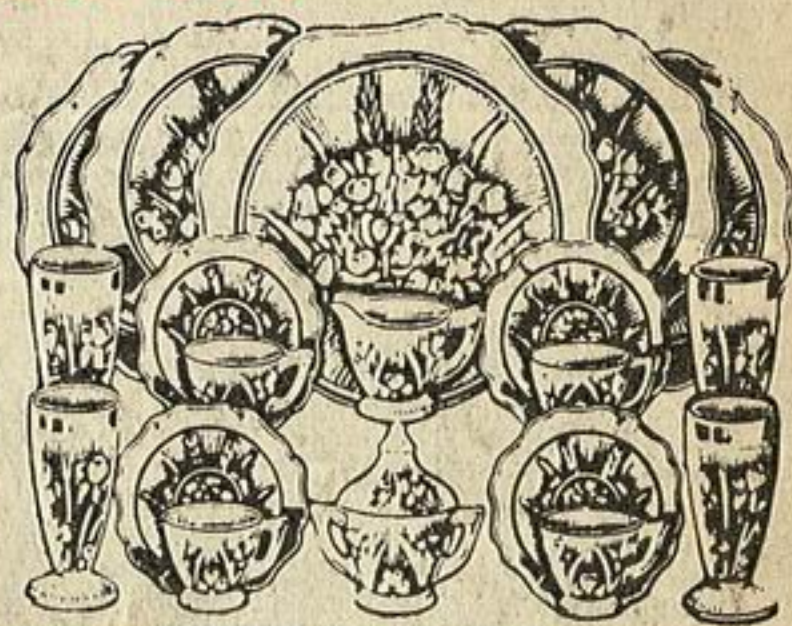
Yours for selling two 40-packet orders of Garden Spot Seeds.



Exquisite DINNER SET

... Nineteen pieces of latest fashion dictated pieces.

Sell only two 40 packet orders of Garden Spot Seeds.



Sent Express Collec

PRIZE TYPEWRITER

Yours for selling only 40 Pkts. of Seed

WE WILL PAY TOTAL OF \$10 FOR BEST, NEATEST, NICEST COMPOSED LETTERS WRITTEN ON THIS MACHINE AND SENT TO US BY JULY 1, 1948



SCHOOL OUTFIT

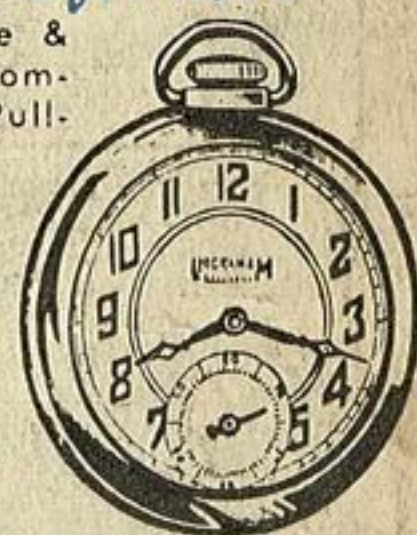
Self filling Fountain Pen, Mechanical Pencil, School Bag, and Webster Dictionary all for selling only 40 pkts. of Seed.



POCKET WATCH for Men

Dependable & faithful companion. Pull-out pend-ent set. (Supply Limited)

Sell 40 packets of Garden Spot Seeds.

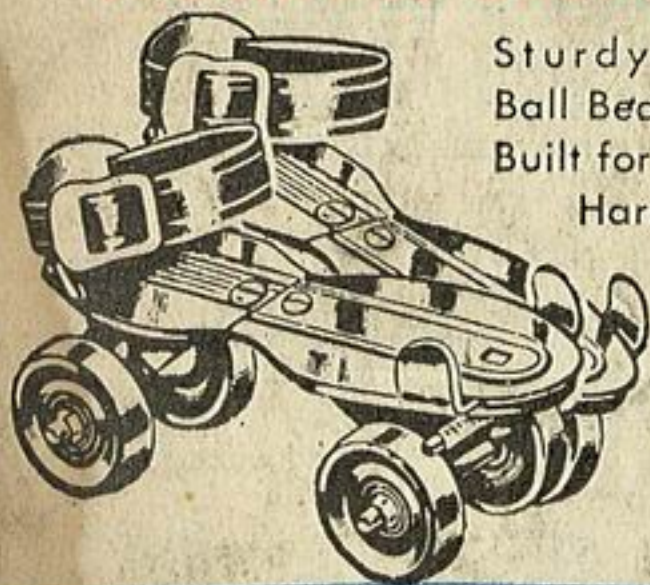


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